The Outlook

Volume 80 Saturday, May 27, 1905 Number 4

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1905

The Panama Tariff Issue

The tariff issue has been brought before the country very unexpectedly. Unexpectedly, that is, to the country, though not to the Administration. In his report to the President last January Secretary Taft wrote as follows:

> If the Isthmian Canal Commissioners are not bound by any restriction of Congress as to how they shall purchase machinery, materials, and supplies, then it would seem to be their duty to construct the canal as cheaply as possible, and so to buy what they need where they can get it the cheapest. This, however, is certain to produce, every time that a large contract is awarded to a foreign manufacturer or dealer, an outcry on the part of the unsuccessful American competitors. If Congress approves the policy of giving all contracts to American manufacturers and dealers, even if it increases the cost of the construction of the canal, it seems to me only just that it should declare this policy by law and lay down a rule which the Commission can easily follow.

Perhaps Congress was afraid to raise the tariff issue; perhaps it was too busy with other and immediately pressing questions; perhaps it was too much absorbed to give any thought to the question. At all events, it did nothing. Last week Secretary Taft intimated that the policy of constructing the Canal as cheaply as possible and buying what materials are needed where they can be got the cheapest would be carried out. The decision created a panic among the high protectionists and enthusiasm among the free-traders, and both of them misinterpreted the action of the Secretary. On the one hand, the protectionists declared it to be "one of the most serious blows ever dealt to American industries;" on the other hand, the free-traders welcomed it as "the doom of Dingleyism." Some of the organs of the latter assumed that the Administration would straightway lay in a stock of raw material for canal purposes and would make long-time contracts before Congress could convene and act, and so steal a march on the protectionists. When their attention was recalled to the fact that at the time of Secretary Taft's announcement it was stated that "there will be very few supplies, relatively speaking, purchased by the Canal Commission between now and the time Congress meets," they forthwith imagined that the President had yielded to protectionist pressure and surrendered to protectionist demands. In fact, nothing was surrendered, but their own erroneous interpretations must be. On the one hand, it is clear that in the absence of Congressional action it is the duty of the Isthmian Canal Commissioners to construct the canal as cheaply as possible, and so to buy what they need where they can do it cheapest. If they should do otherwise, they would certainly be subject to very just criticism, if not to prosecution for illegal action. On the other hand, it is equally clear that it is not the duty of the executive to steal a march on Congress, or attempt to forestall Congressional action. Congress has constitutionally the right to provide how the Canal shall be built, and to enact, if it chooses to do so, that all goods shall be bought in America. The proper course for the Administration to pursue is that which we judge it is pursuing: it should buy for present necessities what goods are necessary and make what contracts are required by present conditions, and do this on the principle of buying its goods and hiring its labor in the cheapest market, and should leave Congress free to take such action in the premises as it sees fit when it is convened in the fall.

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The Protective Policy on Trial

It is, however, true that the issue raised in this case is a severe blow to the high protection policy. It is stated on apparently good authority that steel rails manufactured in America

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can be bought in England for $20 a ton, while the same quality of rails, manufactured by the same American company, will cost from $28 to $33 a ton if purchased on this side of the water; that to buy in this country the steamships which the Commission wishes to run between the United States and Colon would cost $1,400,000, and they could not be completed in less than eighteen months, while abroad equally good steamships can be bought for $700,000 and put at once into commission. It is intimated that the labor unions, or some of them, are also bestiring themselves to prevent the use of immigrant labor, especially Chinese labor, in building the Canal, and to extend over the Canal the eight-hour law. Apparently, neither the eight-hour law nor the Chinese exclusion law applies to Panama, which is a foreign country. The ethical reason against Chinese labor is of universal application. The Government ought not to make contracts with Chinese corporations to deliver coolies whose labor is not really free; but the economic objection does not apply. It is to be hoped that some one will introduce into the next session of Congress a bill requiring the Panama Commission to buy all their supplies in America. Those who agree with us in desiring to see the prohibitory tariff abolished, and, if not free trade, at all events a much freer trade than now exists, maintained between America and other nations, can hardly conceive of any better way in which the issue between the prohibitory tariff on the one hand and the tariff for revenue on the other could be raised, than by raising the question whether all the people of the United States shall be taxed to pay Pittsburg manufacturers from $28 to $33 a ton for steel rails, which the same manufacturers can sell for $20 a ton, and will sell at that price, if the delivery is made abroad.

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Our Tariff Relations with Germany

On the first day of March, 1906, our present tariff arrangement with Germany, under which the United States enjoys concessions in accordance with the "most favored nation" agreement entered into by the Kingdom of Prussia in 1828, will come to an end. On that day the German tariff law of 1902 will go into effect, and, what is of even greater importance to American exporters, the special tariff conventions negotiated by Germany with Italy, Belgium, Rumania, Switzerland, Servia, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, respectively, will also become operative. By the terms of these several conventions tariff concessions are granted to all of the countries named which place the United States, when forced to pay the full duties of the new "autonomous" tariff, at a marked disadvantage in competing for Germany's trade in certain products which we now export to her in large quantities. In other words, some of our exports to Germany, like the cereals, meats, and other food products, might stand a considerable increase in the duties, provided the same products when imported from other countries were compelled to pay duties equally high; but these products are to be admitted from the seven special-treaty countries at rates much lower than the autonomous rates which we shall have to pay—in some cases at less than half the full tariff rates. The value of the American wheat that Germany imported last year was nearly $6,000,000. The duty paid on it (under the reciprocity concession) was 83 cents per 100 kilograms (220.4 pounds). Next year, under the new tariff, the duty will be $1.78, but Russia and Austria-Hungary will pay only $1.30. The amount of our corn exports to Germany last year was more than $7,000,000. It paid a duty of 38 cents per 100 kilograms. Next year it will pay $1.19, while corn from the treaty countries will pay only 71 cents. We have been sending American apples to Germany in considerable quantities (this trade amounted to $888,000 last year). Heretofore this fruit has been admitted free, but under the new tariff a duty of $2.38 per 100 kilograms will be exacted, while apples coming from Italy, Belgium, Servia, Rumania, and Switzerland will pay half-rates. In the case of dried fruits, of which we exported more than $2,000,000 worth to Germany last year, there is a still greater discrimination. Our sewing-machine

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trade with Germany last year amounted to more than $900,000. The duty is to be raised from $5.71 to $8.33, while to Switzerland is granted the very favorable rate of $2.85. It is understood that Germany stands ready to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with us, but we cannot hope to obtain such concessions as have been granted to the seven European countries without conceding some tariff reductions in return. German exports to the United States are now more than doubled by American exports to Germany. In fact, no other country has so valuable a trade with the Germans. It remains to be seen whether we can hold that trade in the face of the tariff discriminations that threaten us, in the event of failure to secure the Senate's ratification of a reciprocity treaty.

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The Chicago Strike

It was thought on Saturday last that a peaceful and mutually satisfactory agreement had been reached between the strike leaders and employers of Chicago. But the terms failed to cover one important point, with the result that on Sunday and Monday of this week further rioting took place, one non-union teamster was shot dead, the former bitter feeling was intensified and extended, and instead of a cessation of the strike, its continuance and extension appeared imminent. The failure arose because the terms proposed did not include the express companies in the general agreement that the strikers were to be reinstated where vacancies existed, unless they had been guilty of violence. The express companies refused to reinstate their men who had been on strike, and all the strikers insisted on maintaining the boycott as to the business of the express companies. This strike has been compared to that of 1894, in which the newly formed union under the leadership of Eugene W. Debs, as a means of bringing the Pullman Company to accept the terms proposed by its striking employees, sought to compel the great carrying corporations to refuse to haul Pullman cars. The railroad managers very properly declined to yield. Notwithstanding the record of signal failure eleven years ago, President Shea, of the teamsters' organization, who is by temperament in many ways like Debs, tried to do essentially the same thing over again. He was going to help the garment workers win a lost strike by compelling the teaming interests to join in a general boycott against the clothing makers with whom the garment workers were at war. The express companies, the department stores, and others willingly accepted the challenge and decided to fight the teamsters' union rather than be brought into any such controversy. The teamsters were under the necessity of extending the scope of the strike or of acknowledging themselves beaten.

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The Attitude of the Labor Leaders

Some of the leaders wanted to spread the area of conflict. But more conservative counsels prevailed. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was called to Chicago, and is believed to have advised peace. Mayor Dunne summoned the strike leaders to the City Hall, and informed them that if the strike was extended and violence broke out anew he would unhesitatingly ask for troops. Cab-drivers who took part in the boycott by refusing to deliver passengers to boycotted stores were likewise informed by the Mayor that their licenses would be revoked for such practices. A few licenses were revoked. Rather than extend the strike under such unfavorable circumstances, the teamsters' leaders sought terms of peace. They were told that striking teamsters would be taken back in so far as there were vacancies, except in cases where the applicant had been guilty of violence. The express companies, as we have above stated, refused to do this, as they had announced in advance that employees quitting would not be taken back. The leaders accepted these terms and recommended them to the unions for adoption. In several cases even the children became involved. The pupils refused to attend school when coal was delivered to their buildings by strike-breakers. The Superintendent of Compulsory Education took the matter in hand and made arrests of both children and parents. A number of the striking

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children were committed to the truant school as punishment, and in several cases the parents were fined. A distressing incident was the shooting by a negro strike-breaker of an eight-year-old child who had given no offense, but who was in company with other children who jeered at the strike-breaker. The police were not able to find the man who did the shooting. The strike was inaugurated on April 6, just two days after Judge Dunne had been elected Mayor on the municipal ownership issue, upon which he had almost the united labor vote. It was intimated that the strike leaders presumed upon the friendship of the new Mayor to help them win their fight. The situation was a trying one for the Mayor, but it is conceded by most persons that he has met the issue creditably and has used his power to combat the spirit of lawlessness. Last week there was another labor development in Chicago not directly related to the teamsters' strike. It has been asserted for some time that some unions employed sluggers to help them win strikes, but the positive proof has been lacking. Through a confession of an official of Carriage and Wagon Makers' Union No. 4, it is now said that the police secured information warranting the arrest of sluggers responsible for the death of a workman named Carlstrom and of union officials who are charged with having paid the sluggers for their work.

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State Enforcement of Prohibition

The law passed recently by the Maine Legislature to promote the enforcement of prohibition seems to be supported very widely by public opinion. Given the principle of State prohibition, the Sturgis Law, as it is called, embodies, it seems to us, the logical and the most promising method of enforcing it. A bipartisan commission of three, two to be members of the dominant party, has been created. The members of this commission are known as Enforcement Commissioners; they are "authorized to exercise in any part of the State all the common law and statutory powers of sheriffs in their respective counties in the enforcement of the law against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors;" they are directed to appoint, by majority vote, deputy commissioners who shall be under their direction and have the same powers that they themselves have. Being State officers, the Commissioners and deputies are paid by the State. In addition the Governor has power to appoint, during his pleasure, a special attorney for the State in any county he chooses (after notifying the regular county attorney, and giving him opportunity to bring objections); this special attorney shall then have full power to conduct prosecutions for violations of the liquor law. Any Commissioner may be removed from office, and, indeed, the entire Commission may be suspended by the Governor. Heretofore, although the State, as a whole, has been responsible for the prohibitory law, the various localities have practically had the privilege of determining whether it should be enforced or not. The result has been a sort of illegal local option, which has cultivated a spirit of lawlessness all the more dangerous because it has been passive rather than violent. Now the State, which has the responsibility, exercises also the power. Governor Cobb believes in the law; the public sentiment of the State is, on the whole, behind it. In the opinion of some who are competent to judge, the effect upon the open sale of liquor and even upon "pocket peddling" has already been salutary. The Outlook hopes that the law will be effective. Prohibition at best is an inexpedient interference with local self-government; prohibition that does not prohibit adds to this interference the demoralizing influence that accompanies every defiance of law. The good citizen in Maine, whatever his views on State prohibition, will not hesitate to approve and support this new effort on behalf of good order.

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A Protest Against Plunder

An extraordinary demonstration was made in Philadelphia last week when the Councilmen stolidly followed orders and, after listening to well-reasoned arguments showing that one proposition for future gas contracts was advantageous to the city and the people and the other deplorably unfair,

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subserviently approved the latter. Cries of "thieves" and "robbers" were repeated over and over again, and ropes with nooses in them were dangled from the galleries before the eyes of the Councilmen. The press with almost unanimous voice has denounced the conduct of these city legislators as corrupt and wrong. In every conceivable way Philadelphia has shown itself thoroughly stirred to indignation. The Outlook last week described in some detail the gas situation in Philadelphia, and the facts then given show conclusively that Councils have deliberately chosen the worse course and made a bad bargain for the city with full knowledge. Fortunately, Mayor Weaver has an opportunity to veto the bill, and it is at least possible, although we fear hardly probable, that Councils may not pass the measure over his disapproval, in view of the justly excited state of the public mind.

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Rate Regulation in Wisconsin

The Wisconsin Senate has passed by a unanimous vote the bill, which it is believed the Assembly will also pass by a large majority, creating a State Railroad Commission, to be appointed by the Governor, and possessing power to fix rates; the law also requires the roads to furnish adequate service to shippers, and forbids all kinds of secret or discriminating rates. The railroad companies are in the first instance to make rates, but an appeal lies from them to the Railroad Commission, and, as we understand it, no appeal lies from the Railroad Commission to the courts. It is always possible, however, to apply for an injunction, and in that way the question whether the rate fixed by a Commission is so radically unjust as to have the effect to confiscate property could be brought before the courts. Of course this Commission has no power to regulate rates except within the boundaries of the State; but the law provides that if the Commission finds any abuses in inter-State rates, or violations of the Inter-State Commerce Law, it may report the facts to the Inter-State Commission and call for an investigation. When the railroad interests stood out for an elective Commission, it was rumored that if the bill passed in that form Governor La Follette would renounce the Senatorship and would be a candidate for a place on the Commission—a place to which he certainly would be elected. This caused consternation among the opposition, and had much to do with the final agreement that the Commission should be appointed. It is understood that Governor La Follette, having secured the enactment of this law, will now resign the Governorship and accept a United States Senatorship. We anticipate that he will be an interesting figure in the United States Senate, and we hope that he will have the ability to disturb some of its ancient and time-honored, but not otherwise honored, rules and regulations.

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Glasgow's Street Railways

As a result of the adoption of the idea of municipalization of street railways in Chicago and the despatch of Mayor Dunne to the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the latter city's successful experiments in the municipalization of public utilities have received added prominence. At least one Chicago newspaper, the Chicago "Daily Tribune," has not waited for the Glasgow Mahomet of municipal wisdom to come to Chicago, but has sent its own representative to the Scotch city to see and report upon the workings of municipalization in the Scotch metropolis. Perhaps the most remarkable thing the correspondent found as to municipal ownership and operation of Glasgow's street railways are the powers vested in Mr. James Dalrymple, the manager, who is to come to Chicago at once at Mayor Dunne's request to give the latter the benefit of his knowledge of municipally owned and operated street railways. Mr. Dalrymple, it is interesting to learn, is absolutely independent in the management of Glasgow's tramways. The city gives him absolute direction and control, and then holds him responsible for results, while he in turn holds his subordinates absolutely responsible to himself. Political interference with his duties is unheard of, and Mr. Dalrymple says he could not succeed if he were thus

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interfered with, and does not believe any other man could. The most important heads of department are suggested to him when vacancies arise, and they are appointed upon his recommendation by the Council through a Committee of Tramways, which also supervises and directs in a general way the acts of Mr. Dalrymple; but this supervision seems to be of such a nature as to leave the manager with a sense of entire freedom and individual responsibility, his relation to the Council being practically that of a manager under a private company. He has absolutely a free hand in the selection of workmen, motormen, conductors, mechanics, and laborers of all kinds, and the tenure of these employees is solely that of good behavior, as they are liable to summary discharge by him without trial. So strict is Mr. Dalrymple that any one of his employees who goes into a public-house, or saloon, as it would be called in America, in uniform, is dismissed. As to keeping politics out of municipally owned and operated street railways, that will be a far more difficult thing to do in Chicago or any other American city than it seems to be in Glasgow. So difficult will it be, in fact, that even the advocates of municipalization of public utilities readily admit that this will be the crux of the system. To adopt the Glasgow plan in Chicago, a considerable change will have to be made in the latter's civil service law and ideas; but, as Glasgow's methods are based upon an experience in municipalization extending back nearly to the middle of the past century, and have been crowned with success, they will at least furnish a reasonably safe guide to Chicago.

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Orange River Colony After the War

Only occasionally is there a cablegram in the English newspapers from Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange River Colony, and usually it concerns either the drought or the slowness with which irrigation schemes or plans for colonization are being developed. Railway and ocean transport questions are much to the front in the Orange River Colony, as they are all over British South Africa. But these are not so pressing as they are in Cape Colony or the Transvaal, for Orange River Colony has no mining and no manufacturing. There is so little manufacturing that the Colonial Government is just now following the doubtful example of the Dominion of Canada and is establishing a bonus system with a view to attracting manufacturers from the other South African colonies and also from England. In the old days, before the Boer War, there was little news from Bloemfontein; so little that none of the London newspapers except the "Times" had a correspondent established there. The old Orange Free State was then the most peaceful of the smaller republics in either the Old or the New World, and there was no city outside Great Britain that had a better municipal government than Bloemfontein. The beautiful physical surroundings of the capital seem to call forth civic and State pride. The Government of the Republic acted in a liberal spirit towards its capital, and as before the war many of its inhabitants were of English or Scotch descent, and as they lived harmoniously with the Dutch, they had succeeded in a wonderful degree in transporting the best civic ideals of Great Britain—those of Glasgow, Manchester, or Birmingham—into Bloemfontein. It sometimes seems, on reviewing municipal conditions in the large cities of Canada and South Africa, that it is an uphill task to establish English municipal ideals even in a British colony; but, as has been said, the best British municipal conditions were never more completely duplicated outside Great Britain than at Bloemfontein. This was partly due to the fact that Bloemfontein had a very settled population, all comparatively well-to-do—a much more settled population than Johannesburg with its gold mines, or even Cape Town or Durban, where most of the English merchants are but birds of passage, and are usually looking forward to the time when they will be able to go back with a competency to England, which most South Africans of British origin usually speak of as "home." The word "home" is used all over South Africa in this sense, while Canada invariably uses the phrase the "old country;" and in this differ-

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ence of phraseology is abundantly illustrated the different attitude of the South African and Canadian colonists towards Great Britain and towards the Colonies themselves. The Englishman in Canada comes to settle. The Englishman in South Africa goes out to make money, and is always counting the time when he will be able to quit business and spend the rest of his days in England. Bloemfontein was an exception in this respect. Most of the British in the Orange Free State regarded the State as Englishmen in Canada regard the Dominion. It was their permanent home, and they worked to make Bloemfontein the most charming and the best-governed municipality south of the Zambesi, and every tourist in South Africa knows how well they succeeded. The Orange River Colony was much less lacerated by the war than the Transvaal. To-day conditions are not much different from what they were seven years ago, and these conditions, so favorable to first-class colony making, account for the fact that so little is heard of the Orange River Colony, and that most of the news which comes to hand is satisfactory almost to the point of being gratifying; for it shows that the war has left for the Orange River Colony few of the disturbing problems that it bequeathed to Cape Colony and the Transvaal.

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Sunday and Social Functions

The Archbishop of Canterbury and other leading clergy in the English Established Church have lately protested against the tendency to treat Sunday as a day of social festivity in England. Bishop Burgess, of Long Island, in his address at the Diocesan Convention last week, made a very strong statement with regard to the uses of Long Island as a playground on Sunday, calling attention to the fact that the custom is rapidly growing of filling the most spacious and elegant houses with parties over Saturday and Sunday; that guests in such houses rarely attend any kind of service or pay any attention to Sunday, but that the day is spent in driving, yachting, golfing, racing, and sometimes in gambling. The Bishop recognized the cordiality of American hospitality and the generous way in which a great many people of means share their prosperity with their friends, but he deplored the tendency to what has been called a reversion to barbarism—the exaltation of sport and the elimination of worship. He pointed out that people of small means, bound to monotonous tasks through long hours, need exercise and recreation, but he protested against the practical annulment of the Sunday laws, the open saloon, the theatrical entertainment conducted with knowledge of the police, tens of thousands of people assembled to witness ball games where entrance is secured by the purchase of a programme instead of a ticket; and he urged the cultivation of a sane and reasonable view of Sunday which should recognize the changed conditions of modern life, but should also protect the day of rest and should distinguish it from other days as a day of worship. That Sunday is being used more and more for purposes of social festivity is apparent in all parts of the country; and if the present tendency remains unchecked, there will be a return to the customs and license which obtained in English society in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Puritan Sabbath is gone, and no wise person will wish for its return; but the reaction has gone too far, and unless religious people, who believe in devoting one day in the week to religious association and definite religious instruction, co-operate to secure a rational observance of Sunday, Western civilization will be in danger of losing what the greatest modern Chinese statesman said he regarded as the foremost achievement of that civilization.

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A Significant Event

Seldom does an unprecedented event escape notice in such a city as New York; but this happened recently. For Jews and Christians to meet in a church or synagogue to discuss such a question as the need of more young men in the ministry most people would regard as improbable. Yet this occurred last month at Calvary Baptist Church in West Fifty-seventh Street, in a Sunday evening meeting under the auspices of

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the New York State Conference of Religion. A Presbyterian doctor of divinity and a Jewish Rabbi discussed that question, and two prominent laymen, the one a Baptist, the other a Jew, presented "The Importance of Religion." That the announcement of such a meeting attracted no unusual attendance, and that the event obtained no notice in the press as out of the ordinary, was also significant, whether of an unreflecting mind or of greatly enlarged religious toleration may be an open question. Much can be said for the latter, which the Conference of Religion has done something to promote. The fact stands, however, that an event for which church history shows no precedent has occurred among us in the coming together of Jew and Christian to discuss questions of deepest interest to Church and Synagogue. For nineteen centuries the Christian has treated the Jew with enmity and persecution, and the natural result has followed. That the sunny spirit of Jesus and of Paul toward their own race has returned to melt the ice-pack which that long arctic night piled up between the daughter church and the mother church, the meeting which exhibited such a coming together of their interests significantly evinced.

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The Last Word of the Protestants

The protestants against the reception of Mr. Rockefeller's gift by the American Board have sent to all Congregational pastors a document restating their objections. The only new point made by them is in the following sentence:

> The study of precedents is showing that this principle of regard for the effect of her [the Church's] relations toward evil-doers has been her guide in all periods. Whether it was Ambrose debarring the Emperor Theodosius from the sacrament, or Bishop Brent refusing the proceeds of a gambling establishment in Manila, or the chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral returning to Hooley the cost of the communion service presented by him, or Dr. Crosby declining the gift of "Jim" Fisk to the University of New York, or Father Scully in a temperance campaign warning the saloon-keepers that their contributions were not wanted, or had it been our missionary society careful not to seek or even encourage the giving of this donation from one at the bar of the American people with heinous charges and weighty evidence, unrefuted, heaping up against him—in every case, the invigorating and clearing effect on the moral atmosphere, and the sudden uplift of the Church into a commanding place of moral lead, is the reward of this act of self-denial.

Accompanying this are some passages which contribute considerable heat and no light; for example, the following from this official utterance: "But has any of this indignation or wholesome moral energy proceeded from the defenders of the procuring and retaining of this gift? Has any wrong-doer found cause to fear, from that source, exposure, moral blame, loss of standing? The tendency has been to palliate, excuse, exculpate." And the following from a sermon of the Rev. Mr. Haynes, which the protestants send out with their indorsement, so making it their own: "This week the Prudential Committee, as a whole, have answered the protestants, and defined their position before the public. . . . It is a document of tangled sophistries, explanations, evasions, excuses, legal quibbles—but not one sentence from beginning to end that rings true! Fold that statement into any page of the New Testament and it would burn to a crisp." Abuse is no argument, and when men substitute abuse for argument it is generally an indication of a failing cause. In fact, the protestants have been no more vigorous in their indignant indictment of the corrupt acquisition and uses of money than their opponents; if Dr. Gladden represents the one wing, Dr. Newman Smyth no less represents the other. The Congregational ministers of New Haven have all united, with the single exception of Mr. Haynes, in a dignified protest against this spirit. A single paragraph here must suffice to indicate the nature of the protest:

> We in turn must protest when you insist that because of our customs or principles concerning charitable contributions we are not in sympathy with the working people, and that our ministry is become the silenced witness of any threatening social injustice. You have no reasonable or moral right to so judge us. We deprecate the continued repetition of all such assertions as misleading the unchurched people, and as hurtful to the dearest interests of our common Christianity.

With this protest The Outlook is in entire sympathy. The language of the

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documents sent out by the protestants seems to us to justify the principle laid down by The Outlook in its editorial "Judge Not." From judging Mr. Rockefeller without trial the protestants have passed on to condemning their fellow-ministers not only without evidence but against evidence.

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A Remarkable Church Edifice

The "Abraham Lincoln Center" in Chicago, the new home of All Souls' Church, and of the work of education and social service which has grown up around it, will be dedicated early in June. The church was organized twenty-three years ago under the leadership of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who is recognized by Unitarians as one of their most influential men. For seven years it has been an undenominational body, and it has always carried on the work of an institutional church with remarkable energy and devotion. The new building stands on the corner of Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, and is a six-story, modern fireproof structure, severely simple in appearance, but built with the greatest regard for strength, permanence, and adaptability to its purpose. The high basement will be devoted to the boys, arts and crafts, photography, reading-room, amusements, etc. The first floor will be occupied by the Hill reading-room, circulating library, publication offices, working-rooms, and parlors. The second and third floors are given over to the auditorium (with a seating capacity of about nine hundred), the pipe-organ, and Sunday-school rooms. The fourth floor will be devoted to social and literary clubs, seminar and memorial rooms. On the fifth floor will be the pastor's apartments, rooms for resident workers, and a guest chamber. On the sixth floor will be the gymnasium, rooms for domestic science classes, etc. The building will cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it is hoped that it will be dedicated free from debt. The property will then be intrusted to a self-perpetuating board of trustees. The Center will be the headquarters of the Congress of Religion which was organized in 1894 at the World's Fair in Chicago, and the publication office of the weekly periodical "Unity." It is the desire of Mr. Jones and his associates to secure through contributions special endowment funds for the installation and maintenance of the library, arts and crafts and domestic science schools, and lectureships in Biblical and religious studies, civics, and poetry, and a general maintenance fund of one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Jones states the purpose for which the Center has been founded in the following words: "It is hoped that this building may become a center of life and love, towards which will gravitate the needs of head, heart, and body, and from which will radiate all forces that will help redeem and elevate the individual and the community. It will be a common meeting-place for those who need and those who will give help—non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-racial—where the distinction between the classes and the masses will not appear." Mr. Jones will be glad to correspond with any who are interested in the work of the Abraham Lincoln Center and who will address him at 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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Summer Evangelism

The special interest in evangelistic work which has been manifested in the visits of the Rev. W. J. Dawson, of London, has lately concentrated, so far as New York and its vicinity are concerned, in a comprehensive movement for the inauguration of a summer campaign. Preparations have been going on for some weeks in the hands of a large committee, representative of many denominations and also of various theological opinions. Its supporters met in mass-meeting last week at Carnegie Hall in numbers said to be beyond precedent in any local religious undertaking. Some twenty thousand dollars have already been raised for the expense account. Just as the annual summer exodus of well-to-do families is fairly under way, the city witnesses the opening of such an organized work of preaching to the multitudes as has never yet been undertaken here. This week some of the prominent clergymen of the city have begun the work with addresses from the steps of the City

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Hall, assisted by good music, vocal and instrumental. As local centers of this evangelistic work ten tents are to stand through the season in various parts of Greater New York. Besides this interdenominational enterprise, which will be fully under way in the course of a few weeks, the Congregational churches of Brooklyn will maintain a large tent, beginning with July. Another independent movement in harmony with the interdenominational scheme centers at the tent "Evangel," at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street. This was opened last Sunday for daily use, several distinguished clergymen making addresses. Thus the old gibe that in New York religion is only a six months' affair is evidently getting out of date.

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A Teachers' Endowment Fund

A new emphasis is being laid upon the value of men, in contrast to the old emphasis upon the value of appliances, in our universities. A striking, almost sensational illustration of this was Mr. Carnegie's gift for the pensioning of university teachers. A far less conspicuous but perhaps even more significant illustration of this is the spontaneous movement on the part of Harvard alumni to raise a fund for the endowment of the teaching force of Harvard College. Originally Harvard College comprised the whole institution, and still remains as the department of the University whose students are candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Naturally, of all the departments, it is Harvard College that evokes from Harvard men the strongest allegiance. For several months this movement has been quietly under way. It has not been promoted by any secretary or clerk; it has been a labor of love and good will, undertaken and carried on by busy men, graduates of Harvard. Most of the subscribers to the fund are unknown and will remain generally unknown. Those who wish to join such a band can send their checks, payable to "Harvard College," to the President of the Alumni Association, the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, care of Harvard College, 50 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts. From city to city and from State to State the work to increase this fund has spread. In this unproclaimed way $1,800,000 has been subscribed. The contributors have included not only graduates of the college, but also men, as an alumnus active in this movement has written, "who, though not of Harvard or of any college, have from their sons or grandsons obtained a knowledge of the University, gained a respect for her professors, and have wished to do their part (and it has been a large part) towards enabling the teachers to live and work with greater comfort and freedom from care." Rich though Harvard is in great buildings, great traditions, great teachers, and great sons, she is poor in resources for the payment of the men on whom her greatness depends. The highest salary paid to any Harvard professor is $5,000, and there are assistant professors who receive only $1,600. Even this minimum payment to professors is higher than the average paid when the total staff of teachers is included; this average is only $1,570. Compared with the rewards offered to men of equal ability in the law, for instance, such remuneration, in this day of high cost of living, is shamefully paltry. When one learns that of the eighty-eight men who have the rank of "instructor" at Harvard the average salary is only $990, there can be only wonder that men of ambition who have spent much in time and money for their education can think of entering the teaching profession. The movement to increase the financial support of teachers which has begun so creditably among the sons of Harvard might well be imitated by men who owe their allegiance to other colleges.

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Free Lectures in Public Schools

The seventeenth season of the free lecture system in New York, which ended the first week in May, has again demonstrated how large and how real is the demand for adult education. This year, to a greater extent than through any preceding season, the effort has been made to emphasize the educational side of these lectures. More series of two, three, four, five lectures each have been

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given than in other years, and a stronger appeal has been made to working men and women. Audiences of three hundred or more men regularly attending a series of lectures on experimental electricity are not present for entertainment merely; they are in quest of information that will be of value to them in their day's work. A visit to the hall of the Board of Education or to the auditorium of the New York High School of Commerce any night when a course of lectures is being given on government, or English literature, or music, impresses one with the seriousness of those who regularly follow these courses. School-teachers from every part of Greater New York, and even New Jersey, are regular attendants, and assiduously make notes for future reference. Mixed audiences of every class and grade have attended the courses in First Aid to the Injured, purchased text-books, and taken the written examination at the end of the course. During the year 4,650 lectures have been given to audiences aggregating 1,155,000 people. Throughout the city it has been the policy of the Board to shut the doors to all children, even those of high-school age, so that this entire aggregation is practically composed of men and women. Adults who would hesitate to enter the class-rooms of the ordinary evening schools gather in the halls and playgrounds of the school-houses night after night for the free lectures. More and more of the school-houses of this city are coming to be looked upon as social centers and points of contact for men and women.

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Advantages of the System

The steady development of this most practical university extension system is a source of continual inspiration to other cities. The cost of maintaining this municipal enterprise, now including more than one hundred and forty centers, is but one-eighth of one per cent. of the entire city budget. The Lowell Institute lectures in Boston have long had a National and even international reputation. The lectures which are given each year attract many hundreds of people from every part of Greater Boston, but the advantage of the New York free lecture system lies in the fact that the lectures are brought to the very doors of the people in every section of the city, and it is only necessary for the people to leave their own neighborhoods when they are specially interested in a particular course which happens to be given in another part of the city. It must be emphasized, however, that the outlying districts are treated to the same quality of lecture as the centers in the heart of Manhattan. Another feature of the work which has been especially emphasized this year has been the co-operation of the Board of Education with the libraries and museums in the city. The bulletins distributed at each center have announced lists of books bearing upon the topics of the lectures at each center, together with the address of the nearest public library station. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger has made the perfecting of systematic education for adults his life-work. He is demonstrating that, although the work of the public school in fitting the child for life is at best inadequate, the post-school education can be developed to such a degree as materially to supplement the ordinary school course. The curriculum in this adult work is more varied, if less thorough; and it can be so organized and the lectures so grouped as sufficiently to correlate the subjects, giving to the whole system an educational aspect meriting the indorsement of educators.

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The University of Illinois

Few institutions of higher learning in the West have made more rapid progress during the last decade than the University of Illinois. Its interests have been most generously cared for by the State, and the results are visible in the great enlargement of the housing of the University and of its teaching facilities, and in the advance of the personnel of the students. Champaign and Urbana have become two very attractive towns, with much of the greenness and well-kept ripeness of old New England towns. The University has added a number of large buildings, and its campus is of noble dimensions and increasing beauty.

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Under the strong leadership of President James, as under that of Dr. Draper, the University of Illinois has come to the front in position and influence. The growth of the culture work in the institution is suggested by a recent revival of Robert Green's "Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay," which was in some respects a notable and unique event in college dramatics. Though the play is one of the most charming of those that preceded Shakespeare's, and though it is one of the most typical of the early Elizabethan comedies, it has never hitherto been revived in this country; nor, indeed, has it been played elsewhere since it was first presented in 1589. The crude setting of that first presentation was reproduced so far as was practicable in a modern theater; but the success of the revival did not depend wholly or mainly upon its interest to the student of our older drama. As an acting play, it was, to most of those who saw it, a complete surprise. The plot, slight as it is, is one of rapid movement, and is full of good dramatic situations. For the convenience of others who may wish to give the play, an acting version of the text, with stage directions and an introduction, was prepared and published by the members of the English department who had in charge the training of the cast.

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The Making of Citizens

Among the agencies working as a leaven in the cosmopolitan city of New York, the City History Club stands high in effectiveness. Organized nine years ago for the study of the history of the city of New York, in the hope of awakening an interest in its traditions and in the possibilities of its future, the Club has just held its annual exhibition, at which concrete results of the class work were displayed, prizes awarded, and exercises held, among them the session of a model history class studying the water supply of New York City. Pictures of the reservoirs were shown, and the many needs of the city for water, from fire-engine to drinking-fountain, were brought vividly before the children's minds. To this class was shown a piece of the old wooden pipe laid in 1799 for the first water-works, and the fact was recounted that at the digging of the Subway a group of laborers stood puzzled over the section of queer wooden pipe they had unearthed, until a young workman stepped up to identify it as Aaron Burr's water-pipe, laid in connection with the granting of the charter to the first city bank, and explained his knowledge by the statement that he had been a member of the City History Club. The Club's work is far more practical than the mere consideration of the former conditions on Manhattan Island, interesting as they are, could possibly be. For by understanding grow interest and affection, and the foreign-born, or, if natives, foreign-fathered, children who throng New York's streets know nothing of the city the destinies of which lie in their hands. It is for them chiefly that the teachers of the City History Club unfold the making of the great hive that crowns Manhattan Island, tell of the voyage of Henry Hudson, of the Dutch days, of the English occupation, and trace step by step the march of humanity from the farm-surrounded village to the vast city stretching across the Harlem River. With the history comes the thought of the needs of the city, of its possible beautifying, of its government, and how that can be improved. After a municipal campaign for honest officials, a leader in the movement wrote that "the work of the City History Club had had marked effect in some parts of the East Side;" and graduates of the Club, overheard discussing candidates for a city election, to the question, Whom are you going to vote for? replied, "We are trying to find out the best men, and when we know the best men, we are going to vote for them." Fifty classes have been held during the year in settlements and school-houses. The classes are self-governing, and taught mostly by volunteer teachers, although the Club supports four salaried teachers. The average age of the students is thirteen, but at one settlement the fathers and mothers of the members of one class have been formed into a second. Besides the class work the Club plans and conducts historical excursions, issues leaflets descriptive of various parts of the city,

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with reference to all old landmarks, and circulates handbooks, bibliographies, and other pamphlets, as well as a Club history game, played like authors. It has recently undertaken the preservation of the milestones, several of which still stand, disregarded or covered with advertisements, on the city streets, and this spring will erect a tablet commemorative of McGown's Pass, paid for by a "penny tax" raised among the children. The service of the Club members as guides to historic landmarks has been requested by Columbia University for the entertainment of the National Educational Association, which meets in New York in July. This year the Colonial Dames of Boston sent a representative to study the system of the Club, and have organized the City History Club of Boston. There is room in every city for a similar club which shall help the immigrant's child and the child of American parentage alike to feel the duties of social service and the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship in their common country.

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An Ocean Yacht Race On Wednesday of last week eleven yachts started from Sandy Hook on a three-thousand-mile race to England. A silver cup has been offered by the German Emperor as a prize for the winner, and there are three other prizes for the boats next to finish. The contesting yachts are of all designs and sizes, from the full-rigged ship Valhalla, of 684 tons and 240 feet long, to little Fleur-de-Lys, a schooner built on the lines of a Gloucester fisherman, of 86 tons and 86 feet in length. Valhalla is owned by the Earl of Crawford; Fleur-de-Lys is owned by Dr. L. A. Stimson, and sailed by Captain Tommy Bohlin, a hardy Gloucester skipper who is the hero of one of J. B. Connolly's stories in his recent book "Out of Gloucester." There are no rules to be observed except the regular "rules of the road" at sea. Each skipper will select his own course, and probably no two of the boats will speak each other during the long voyage. Some of the yachts will bear up to the northward past the Newfoundland banks, following the shortest route along a great circle, trusting to good fortune to keep them clear of ice and fogs. Others will take a more southerly course, preferring to keep to less hazardous waters, and hoping that fresher winds will make up for the longer distance they will have to sail. Two of the yachts will be sailed by their owners, Sunbeam by Lord Brassey, who has sailed around the world in her, and Thistle by Robert E. Tod. It is quite likely that the only woman on any of the boats, Miss Candace Stimson, may take her turn at the wheel of her father's little schooner, Fleur-de-Lys, before the race is ended. Miss Stimson is an ardent sailor and has captained the boat in races before this. There is ample room for conjecture as to the length of time the race will take, but it is probable that it will be about two weeks before the winner crosses the line, which will be marked by the lighthouse on the Lizard, a point on the southern coast of England, and by the German cruiser Pfeil, anchored off the point. The schooner Endymion, one of the contestants, now holds the record for the crossing, thirteen days, twenty hours, and fifty-six minutes. There are eight schooners among the racing yachts, one yawl, one bark, and one full-rigged ship. Two of the boats are British, one German, and eight American, but the German yacht, Hamburg, was built in England; so that, while the race will test the abilities of the sailors of three countries, the builders of only two nations are represented. The yachts got away promptly at two-fifteen on Wednesday afternoon, and when they were last seen Thursday morning, by a steam yacht that had followed them for one hundred and thirty miles, Hamburg and Atlantic were leading. That the result of the race will prove anything very definite in regard to the respective merits of the different models and rigs is to be doubted; but it is good, wholesome sport, and has the interest of a contest under practical working conditions of a kind that a race between highly specialized racing-machines can never have.

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A Benevolent Policeman

Our Government is founded largely on the theory that it should be a good policeman, but not much more.—*D. M. Parry, President National Association of Manufacturers, at Tenth Annual Convention.*

Surely a most benevolent policeman! He carries our letters and gives them to us at our very doors; educates our children, free of expense, in all the States carrying them up to college, and in many of the States carrying them through college; has given a farm to every one who will build a house and promise to live on the farm and cultivate it; establishes observation stations all over the United States, and tells us every morning what the weather was yesterday and is likely to be to-morrow; dredges out our harbors and makes them navigable; establishes and maintains a lighthouse system along thousands of miles of seacoast and in our inland lakes; is beginning to study how he can store water in the mountains so as to irrigate the bad lands of the West and make the wilderness into a garden; lays out parks in all our cities, and in many of them provides concerts on summer afternoons; establishes and maintains hospitals for the sick and the insane, and retreats for the poor and the incompetent; builds speedways for the rich and bicycle paths for the men of more moderate means; has built a subway for the public use in two American cities; in other cities has interfered to compel the trolley lines to carry passengers at prices varying from seven tickets for a quarter to three cents apiece; in still others has required a system of transfers which makes it possible to travel throughout the city for one fare; and in most of the larger cities has established and maintained a water system for the public welfare. The benevolence of this policeman has grown as he has grown older, richer, and, we might add, wiser. For he has now resolved to dig a canal for the benefit, not merely of his own people, but equally for that of the whole world, by it connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans; and he has already began work upon it. Surely a most broad-minded, a most large-hearted, a most benevolent policeman!

There is one thing which this policeman does which seems to us of somewhat doubtful propriety, though we judge from portions of Mr. Parry's speech that he heartily approves it. This policeman forbids Americans to buy goods abroad. If they do, he fines them. The fine he imposes ranges from twenty-five to a hundred per cent. of the cost of the goods. It is, however, just to him to say that he defends this action on grounds of benevolence. By levying tribute upon all Americans, on every purchase which they make, and dividing the tribute among the manufacturers, he thinks the laborers get better wages than they would otherwise get; and perhaps they do. But he seems disinclined to pay this tribute himself. In order to dig the interoceanic canal he has to buy a lot of goods, and he is inclined to buy them where he can get them the cheapest. And as there is no one to fine him for doing so, we rather think he will indulge this natural inclination. Perhaps we should all be inclined to buy our goods where we could get them best and cheapest, even including Mr. Parry himself, if there were no policeman to fine us.

There are three theories of government: the paternal, the individualistic, the fraternal. The paternal assumes that one or a few exceptionally wise men are to care for the many who are incompetent to care for themselves. This is the theory of the Russian bureaucracy. The individualistic assumes that every man is to look after his own interests, and that government is simply a policeman to keep order in the State and to protect it from foreign aggression. Its motto is, Every man for himself, though it hesitates at the clause which follows in the motto when completed. The fraternal assumes that the State is a person, with the characteristics of personality—intellect, sensibility, and will. Public opinion is the intellect of the State, public spirit its sensibilities, law its will. This is to-day the theory of the American Government. On it our institutions are founded. It is fortunate that there are in America individualists who still hold in industry to the theories of the Manchester school, and in politics to those of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Thomas Paine. They are the brakemen, and are

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very useful; but they cannot stop the train, nor turn it back upon its track. The State will continue to claim the right to do for itself whatever it can do better than it can hire private enterprise to do for it. And it will continue to experiment in order to ascertain what are the things which the State can thus best do for itself. The failure of some experiments will not in the least discourage it from attempting others. For good or for ill, America has left the epoch of individualism, with its night-watchman theory of government, behind it, and has entered on the epoch of fraternalism; and it is as certain as anything future can be that this interesting experiment will be tried to the end, whether of disastrous failure or splendid success. The Outlook anticipates local and temporary failures of special experiments, and a splendid success as the ultimate and final result.

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The School Situation in New York

Nothing has helped so much to bring home to the public the real meaning of the reactionary tendencies of the Board of Education of New York City as the recent attempt of that body to shorten the school day in the primary grades. This attempt has unexpectedly illuminated the whole controversy concerning the course of study in the public schools. It was made under the published plea that the little child's school day is too long, and that its afternoon hours were better spent in the open air than in the school-room. Whereupon those of the citizens of New York who know the actual conditions under which the poorer children live in the congested districts of the city rose up in practically unanimous protest. They all retorted that the children are much better off in the well-regulated school-room than upon the perilous streets, their only resort for outdoor activity, or in their unhealthy and cramped homes.

The proposal of the Board is so wanting in common sense that, seen in the setting of the recent debates on the school curriculum, it has every appearance of a bungling move in the campaign against the so-called "fads and frills." Cut these "extras" out of the day's work—so the argument seems to run—and the morning session of three and a half hours will amply suffice for the supposed essentials of school education. Undoubtedly, it will more than suffice. Three and a half hours of steady grind on the three R's will be quite enough to stupefy and stunt the average child of the primary age.

We may concede even more than this, and say, following the best expert opinion, that a daily session of three and a half hours is long enough for the child of seven and eight, even where the routine book-work is varied by a liberal assortment of "frills and fads" in the form of hand-work, physical culture, music, and play. But this is assuming that the afternoons are devoted to satisfying the needs of the child for outdoor exercise and recreation under wholesome conditions. These needs cannot, however, be met in a crowded city; hence, as all true friends of the child insist, the school must do its best to provide a substitute in the form of healthy and developing activities and interests by the full use of its resources.

These considerations bring into clear relief one of the most vital arguments in favor of an enriched curriculum. The New Education is an attempt to make good in our large cities such conditions of healthy living and development through school life (regarding the school as a form of life) as have been found necessary and available in the past—play, games, sports, outdoor rural occupations and interests, rambles, and varied contact with nature and the first-hand realities of the soil. Not only is the child not educable without these fundamentals of physical well-being, but he is not educated unless his powers of mind and will have been quickened and disciplined by such activities. There are, of course, other important reasons for making school life a more vitalizing and developing and self-revealing experience and for adapting it to the new and multiplying needs of our complex civilization; but into these we would not enter here. Our aim is rather to point the

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obvious moral of the situation that has just developed in the course of this educational controversy.

Why is it that, with such a comparatively clear case, and with a practical consensus of expert opinion as to the desirability of a broader curriculum, we have such a stubborn opposition to meet in the Board of Education, the Comptroller and other officials, and even among teachers themselves? It is no doubt true that there is much darkness in the lay mind as to the meaning of the progressive education of to-day. But the more immediate cause lies, we believe, in the failure to distinguish between what is desirable and to be striven for, and what is practicable at the present moment under the conditions which actually obtain in our schools. Herein some of the reformers also are at fault: their zeal for the better thing has outrun their discretion in taking first steps towards its realization.

It is a fact that the conditions which at present prevail in some of the New York City schools must foredoom to failure any attempt to carry out the full programme, or anything like the full programme, of new studies. We refer especially to such obstacles as greatly overcrowded classes, teachers unequipped to teach the new studies, the friction occasioned by various makeshifts and by the vexing introduction of bodies of specialists inclined to be rather angular and "faddy," and the failure to segregate foreign-born and backward children. The Board of Education, like the Comptroller, seems to have an eye only for certain obviously disappointing results in the working of things as they are. There is no discriminating analysis of causes; no allowance made for those crippling conditions mentioned above; only a sweeping attribution of all shortcomings in all subjects to the introduction of "fads and frills." What is necessary, therefore, is that the Board of Education and those who support them should be brought to see first of all that the new studies and activities are essentials of modern education, and then that conditions should be improved as rapidly as possible, so as to insure success not only in the additional subjects, but in the three R's themselves, which equally cannot be taught successfully under the monstrous conditions which are often to be found in the public schools of a big city.

On the other hand, it is just as important for the reformers to recognize that the new studies demand conditions which only very partially exist, and without which the attempt to introduce them must be discredited. So that, besides working to convince the unconverted that the enriched curriculum is necessary, they must work might and main for such conditions—small classes, many more and much better equipped teachers than those brought into the schools under the old régime, and the segregation of the foreign-born and backward children—as will make satisfactory results possible.

These are arduous tasks. They involve many changes in the school system: many more schools, many additional teachers, a raising of standards in our normal and training schools; and therefore, as a *sine qua non*, a good deal more money for educational purposes, as President Eliot has been urging upon our public authorities (it is a pity that his little book, "More Money for Our Public Schools," could not be circulated broadcast among our legislators and officials). There is no reasonable person who will not second every endeavor to avoid waste and extravagance in the spending of money upon our schools; but we must face the fact that, having allowed to grow up in our great cities conditions which make education of the old sort impossible, we must equip the school to fulfill many a new function which the city home and the city environment can no longer fulfill.

One circumstance in particular handicaps progress in New York—the lack of active interest and support on the part of our well-to-do citizens, who do not send their children to the public schools and therefore have no immediate and vital stake in them. The mercantile classes seem to look upon the public schools as having for their main function the supply of clerks and employees. There is a striking contrast here between New York and the smaller cities

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of New England and the West, where the best things are being done in education, and where the larger humanizing ends of education are borne in mind. We see an illustration of the less public-spirited interest in Eastern schools in the fact that we have no adequate representation of men of distinguished intelligence and cultivation on the New York Board. The Mayor does his best, we may suppose, to secure them; it is a fact that very few are appointed.

But, these and other discouraging facts notwithstanding, there is no reason for discouragement. Great advances have been made in the New York school system during the past ten years—thanks chiefly to the very capable and energetic Superintendent. These advances should give heart of courage and hope to all those—and they are increasing in number—who are unselfishly devoting themselves to the great cause of popular education, the basis and safeguard of our democracy.

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The Minister's Responsibility

The responsibility for the spiritual life and power of the parish and diocese rests upon the clergy. . . . We are given our places of special authority and influence by ordination and appointment, and, whether we will or not, the standard of religious feeling and thought, the tone of spiritual life in parish and diocese, are determined by us—and by what we are rather than by what we say. Parishes may undertake and accomplish great plans in building or in the enlargement of work, without the leadership of the rector. He may have neither capacity for nor interest in these things, and much may be accomplished without him. Vestries or companies of lay people may take hold of some forms of church work and accomplish large results. Commonly, however, the rector must be the leader in all work in the parish, watchful of financial affairs and having the direction of all societies. In some fortunate parishes, devoted men and women appear to relieve the parish priest of much care of material things and to give him freedom for study and distinctly religious work. But as regards the spiritual life of the parish, the responsibility comes to the clergy and can hardly be divided. There are parishes in which spiritually-minded men and women are so many that the whole parish life is affected for good. Holy men and women give spiritual tone to parishes and communities, drawing all about them to high thinking and noble service. But it is the minister of the parish, after all, who sets and maintains the spiritual standard.

This emphatic statement of the minister's responsibility is from a devoted and honored religious teacher—Bishop Lines—who, in an address recently delivered to the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Newark, touched with tenderness, affection, and the insight of long experience some points in the life of the ministry that ought to be brought home from time to time to every man who attempts to lead the religious life of a congregation or a parish. The root of religious leadership is not in the brain, it is in the heart; the chief though not the only nor always the most important instruments of religious leadership are not brilliant, but vital, sermons; the persuasive power of the religious leader lies in the constant appeal which his character and life make to the people to whom he ministers, and the disclosure of the spirit of Christ in his thought and action no less than in his words. Every congregation takes the measure of the spirituality of its minister. He may interest them by the force of his mind, or charm them by some quality of personality, but sooner or later they know how shallow or how deep is his consecration to his work and how far the principles he preaches are wrought into his own life. A man's sermons begin in his soul, not in his study, and his influence is determined by what he is in the rectory or the parsonage much more than by what he is in the pulpit or the chancel. Conscientiousness is the quality of all honest men, but a minister may be eminently conscientious and almost as eminently unfruitful in his work. It is not fundamentally a matter of duty; it is a matter of devotion to one's work and passion for one's people. The real preacher is the man whose soul is on fire, not with wrath, but with love.

The day of condemnation and denunciation has gone past; the preacher of insight rarely uses either; he has a better way to win men from their errors; he substitutes the higher for the lower truth, the broader for the narrower idea, the more spiritual for the less spiritual

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conception. He does not preach against heresies, the fads of the time, the eccentricities of opinion; he preaches Christ, which is a very different matter. To present Christ in a large and noble way is to strike at the roots of all partial thinking. The wise preacher knows, too, that there is always some cause or occasion for partial thinking, and he strives to find a common ground between himself and the heretic in order that he may discover what the truth is that the heretic possesses and what the error or lack of the Church is that has driven the heretic out of it. As the wise missionary no longer denounces heathen deities and ancestral worship, but tries to find common ground between himself and the men and women to whom he preaches, and always finds it, so the large-hearted preacher, with spiritual passion in his soul and the love of man in his heart, approaches all men sympathetically, and most of all those who are in error. It is a thousand times easier to bind men to Christ by love than to drive them to him by whips.

Every word that comes from a pulpit to-day ought to be winged with personal conviction. The men who preach what they have learned in the seminaries are preaching to half-empty churches, because the distance between what they say and their own souls robs their preaching of all vitality. The only preaching that counts is that which presents the truth which the man knows out of his own spirit and has formulated from his own experience. The power of Phillips Brooks lay largely in his uniform habit of speaking out of his own experience to the experience of the men and women in front of him. He did not need to appeal to proof-texts, to resort to argument, to make logical statements; those who heard him knew that what he said was true, because it fitted their own experience and interpreted that experience to them. Never in the history of the world have men longed more for spiritual guidance and religious leadership; but leadership and guidance are within the reach of those only who know what men are suffering to-day, what their temptations are, what their point of view is, and can speak to them in the language of to-day. Some preachers are given to the mockery of preaching to men and women, stumbling along the ways of life in great perplexity and manifold sorrow, about theological questions, speculative matters, and church history, which do not touch vitally any man or woman within sound of their voices. There is a biting irony in that passage in "Jude the Obscure" in which the man and woman whose children lie dead at home overhear the talk of some clergy in an Oxford garden, with the hope that something will be said to comfort them, and find that they are discussing the eastward position! If every minister who goes into the pulpit carried with him the consciousness that he is very likely to speak to men or women in a great spiritual or moral crisis, and that it lay in his power to decide whether the battle should be won or lost, there would be a more rigorous selection of topics and a more rigorous exclusion of many sermons that are now preached to half-empty pews.

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The Spectator

The marvelous contrast between the maps of the geographies of to-day and those of fifty years ago is an unfailing source of entertaining instruction; nevertheless, the Spectator is yet to be convinced that with the disappearance of the "Great American Desert" and its vast "unexplored regions" serious loss has not been sustained, if it be granted that superior food for a boy's imagination is to be rightly valued. Every year since he first dreamed over his Peter Parley's map of the United States the impulse that then had birth comes back to the Spectator—the sterner the winter the stronger the impulse to run away from the peerless Empire State and its magnificent metropolis straight to the Kingdom of Sun Fire, the desert of the Southwest, where the sound of the snow-shovel is never heard, where one can live in tent and saddle, sleeping by choice under a blanket of stars.

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Last February, as is well remembered by dwellers along the Atlantic coast, sur-

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passed every previous record for afflictive weather. Happy were they who might escape to balmier climes. Again had the Spectator mastered the old impulse and sternly set his face duty-wise, when the letter came that made of him a runaway: "Come on at once to the dry, bracing air of Arizona. Camp for a month here in the desert and explore this wonderful region before civilization and irrigation have changed its features entirely. You shall have a tent and a good horse; our patch of one hundred acres is crossed by a ditch; our vegetable garden and fruit orchards are fair to see. If you choose something more arid, more deserty, you can have it—Gila monsters, coyotes, jack-rabbits, and the rest of it. It is eighty degrees in the shade here to-day. The nights are cold; bring flannel nightshirts and woolen bed-socks."

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Would there never be an end of the patches of snow to be seen from the Santa Fé Railroad, even when they were nearing the continental divide? The first glimpse of spring was on the Kansas plains. In New Mexico the good old summer time had arrived. And there was a cowboy at last, the genuine article, and Indians at the stations—a brave on his pony, a heavily freighted squaw walking slowly behind. "The noble red man," said a fellow-traveler, "is beginning to use the bicycle, they say." Truly, the Spectator had run away none too soon.

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The Spectator soon found that favor with Arizonians depended upon his estimate of irrigation, his enthusiasm for the stupendous projects for making the wilderness to blossom as a rose, for eliminating in time the desert almost entirely. When expected to "enthuse" over the Tonto Basin Reservoir, which, when completed, is to store water enough to irrigate 200,000 acres in the Salt River valley, and in that still greater project for turning the Colorado River into Death Valley, he forgot himself so far as to say that he agreed with Professor Van Dyke, who held that the deserts should never be reclaimed, that they are the breathing-spaces of the West and should be preserved forever. To turn the desert into an agricultural tract would be to increase humidity, to nullify the finest air on the continent. "Fellars who talk like that," said an irrigation engineer, "ought to be planted in a section of Death Valley."

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Much as the Spectator had read about Arizona—and he thought he had missed nothing of importance—he had never heard of ranch schools (or tent schools, as they are sometimes called) until the day of the coyote hunt, when he made the acquaintance of an Oxford don, in charge of one of these schools, whose patronage, limited in this instance to six young men preparing for college, was entirely from Boston and New York.

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In accepting his invitation to join the coyote hunt, the Spectator had declined going on horseback with a six-shooter in his belt, and took a seat in the covered wagon carrying the luncheon hampers instead. Great was the crowd of hunters, ranchmen, cowboys, sightseers, and there was a large contingent of reservation Indians equipped with bows and arrows as well as firearms, their crowning accomplishment the yell they raised whenever the hunt became exciting. The wild careening of the rickety hamper-wagon as its driver, a woman with a baby on her lap, recklessly followed the chase over humpy clumps of sage-brush and greasewood, was exhilarating to the Spectator, to say the least, even before the Indians began shooting arrows regardless of his safety. Stifled with alkali dust, he was congratulating himself upon a new experience in life, and repeating, "This too shall pass away," when there was a round-up for luncheon, after which notice was given that a picture was to be taken, and would the Spectator consent to form a part of the same? With a thought of surprising his grandchildren, he took a position with a group that he had supposed to be cowboys—noisy fellows who had arranged themselves as if playing a desperate game of poker, the bully of the group, bowie-knife in hand, glowering savagely as he laid down his card—a strong reproduction of the scene between Trampas

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and the Virginian—but the Spectator had no idea that they had ever heard of the popular novel. "Now, ready!" had been shouted, when the whole group broke up in confusion. Two horses had broken loose in the background and were making off for the desert. "Don's Pegasus, by Jove!" called out Trampas in purest Bostonese. "The wire fence! look out for that wire fence!" shouted his partner—pronouncing *wi-ah* as only a New Yorker ever did.

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The Don's Pegasus was badly cut; and the Don (whoever would have taken him for an Oxonian?) took a seat in the hamper-wagon for the long drive home. And so it came to pass that the Spectator learned about the ranch schools—which are becoming a feature of the educational system of Arizona, although they are yet hardly beyond the experimental stage. It was not the first time that the Don's boys had been taken for broncho-busters; it was a common mistake; nor was it generally known in the locality that they were the sons of Eastern capitalists and millionaires. "Homesick? Never. They haven't time for it. Yes, a sort of combination of cowboy and college cub, Wild West and classics. Nothing like life in the saddle out on the desert for taking coltish nonsense out of a boy. Each boy takes care of his horse and his tent, and lends a hand at cookery when off on camping trips. No theaters, no social dissipation of any kind, just all outdoors and regular study and never overmuch of that. Lawless larks seldom break out, hilarious as their fun always is. Their camping trips take in everything of interest in this region—Aztec ruins; the various mines; the great fruit and other ranches; Indian reservations; military posts; and plenty of field work in botany and geology. They are closely studying irrigation schemes. How plain it is, Mr. Spectator, that mental sluggishness and physical degeneration in a boy has its root oftentimes in the hot-house over-culture of forebears! All the boy needs is wholesome deprivation of luxury, a chance to rough it, a partial reversion to primitive conditions. Then most boys have an innate craving for this sort of a life, and I have learned to believe that the healthy longings of a boy's nature indicate what he needs for his highest development."

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It was wholly unlike, in exterior appearance, that tent school in the desert, any educational institution ever seen by the Spectator before: One saw a line of a half-dozen cabin tents (a cot outside of each) upon the bank of an irrigation ditch; a low, rambling wooden house surrounded by many outbuildings; a tread-mill pump with an insistent creak; a well-kept, flourishing garden, poultry-yard, and dairy; horses, saddles, and guns much in evidence; hammocks, golf, tennis, and croquet; the screech of a talking-machine, two or three pianos, boys shouting to each other or bent over books in tent-openings; a spot of green set in broad alfalfa fields, beyond which lay the vast desert, giant cacti looming up in the hazy yellow distance like dismantled masts; the far-off porphyry mountains, the background of the orange foot-hills, the nearest railroad station miles away.

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The hammock was the place for the Spectator for several days after the coyote hunt. Only one coyote had been caught, with no end of jack-rabbits; the Don had lost a good horse, but one hundred and fifty hunters and more had no fault to find with the day's sport. The Don and his boys were off for a trip to the Grand Cañon. Hour after hour the Spectator might lie undisturbed under the brush shed, and commune drowsily with the far-away mountains. Already the flies were becoming troublesome—and his New York papers reported more snow, intensely cold weather, and a frightful increase of pneumonia. What a happy runaway he was, "memory calling, bell-like, across the years." He thought them over, the runaway boys he had known—runaways to the Wild West—allured, oftentimes, by the glamour investing "the unexplored regions" of the Great American Desert of the past. What an antidote a ranch school would have been to the longing that had wrecked many a boy's life!

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The Peasant and the War[1]

THE SIXTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES FROM THE OUTLOOK'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA

The editors of The Outlook are sure that its readers will be interested to know that the author of the series of articles from Russia, to which the following narrative belongs, is Mr. Ernest Poole. Mr. Poole will be remembered by readers of The Outlook as the writer of an intensely vivid and dramatic article about Madame Breshkovsky, the Russian revolutionist; as joint author with Mr. William Hard of a striking article about the Chicago Stock-Yards strike, and as writer of many other articles of almost equal interest which have appeared in The Outlook and elsewhere. Up to the present time it has not seemed desirable to announce the name of our Russian correspondent; and the reason for this may be seen in the following extract from a personal letter just received from Mr. Poole: "This story [Mr. Poole refers to the present article] was written in the Caucasian Mountains. Before I could find a safe messenger to take it off, I was arrested for taking kodak pictures of three soldiers who stood with loaded guns on the front of a locomotive going through a strike district. A large, brutal, clumsy-minded gendarme journeyed in our compartment to Tiflis, and there took us to the Chief of Police. In spite of my solemn protest that I was only a pleasure-loving young American who meant some day to write a book on the curious customs of the mountaineers, this gentleman ordered his police to search my luggage. When he picked up this manuscript, I glanced at Maximoff. Maximoff is a genius at smiling. We both knew that it meant prison for him if the Chief could read English. Fortunately not. He tossed the manuscript back on the floor." In another personal letter Mr. Poole states that, in addition to the experience above outlined, he was arrested twice within two weeks in the Caucasus, once expelled from a village, and held up for two days on a train in a mountain pass, with sentinels parading up and down outside the car window.—THE EDITORS.

"GOOT-BY! How *doo* you do! Thenk *you!*" Katya and Nadierjda, wee peasant girls of eight and nine, stood excitedly at the school-house door waving us off, shouting over and over the few English words they had learned, stamping their enormous felt boots in the snow, and drawing their white kerchiefs close to keep out the biting wind of early morning. Through the kerchiefs they laughed and shouted while we waved back—till our sledge went over the prairie roll and the little log school-house sank out of sight.

Then only jingling bells, dazzling snow, deep quiet. Our peasant sledge was a low, rough frame of poles, narrow in front and wide behind. We sat in the bottom, leaning back on our luggage, our legs piled over with sheepskins and hay. Before us one horse trotted between the shafts with a huge blue wooden yoke over his neck, while the other ran alongside tugging on rude rope traces. The driver, sitting sideways in the hay at our feet, was a young giant of a peasant—erect, spare, clean-cut, with splendid shoulders, face lean and brown, jaws firmly set, blue, honest eyes, and a smile that made you like him at once. He was the kind of peasant that leads the younger, more radical men in the village mir. Our trouble with the police had assured him we were no Government spies; he gave us his trust at once, and through his help the four-hour drive to town was prolonged to an all-day visit along the road with peasants.

"Now some tea!" The sledge stopped with a jingle. Along either side of the road straggled a dozen snow-covered huts—a hamlet, with miles of snow-fields all around. Seven other sledges were drawn up beside us, and before was a long cabin of logs and sod—the village tea-room, public-house, and talking-room all in one. We went in.

A low room twelve feet square. We sat down on a bench by the two deep little windows. This bench ran round three sides of the room; before the

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bench were narrow tables, and by the tables stools. The low log walls were patched with newspapers, lithographs, advertisements—most of them tattered and old, only a few fresh and glaring. Close over our heads in the corner hung an ikon—Madonna and Child staring blindly out of a gorgeous gilt frame, with the eternal wick lamp flickering into their faces. A rusty, crooked stove-pipe ran along the ceiling to the yellow brick stove by the door to our right. Before us was the counter, with a small glass case of cigarettes, some great black loaves of bread, tea glasses and saucers, and behind hung a cupboard of teapots. To the right of the cupboard was an old blue clock with iron weights hanging down; to the left, brown wooden trays on hooks. Beyond hung a tarnished gilt mirror, and under the mirror a low doorway gave a glimpse into the dark, glowing kitchen, with its comfortable brick ovens and copper boilers cemented in between.

At one table sat two men, who stared. In the corner was a girl with a baby—both staring. The old clock ticked, ticked, ticked. A speckled cur sneaked out and sniffed. Still silence.

I got up and gave chocolates to the baby. At once came a smile from the girl mother, another smile from the wrinkled grandmother (aged forty-five) behind the counter, and then out from the kitchen came a boy and two little girls.

Maximoff meanwhile had also been at work. The driver had helped by winks to the men, and the interview was started:

"America!"—the short peasant with the big sandy beard turned and stared at me with curious twinkling eyes. "It must be fine to live in America—fine—fine. And you," to Maximoff, "why do *you* come here?"

"Why not?" smiled Maximoff. "This American is a jolly good fellow. We drive and eat and smoke and drink. Why not?"

"But where is your business?"

"Gone. Killed by the war. I was a butter merchant in Siberia, but the war now uses all the railroads, my business is smashed, and I am poor—but still happy. What's the use of being blue?"

"Oh, this devil's war!" The peasant banged the bench with his big earthy fist.

"Why devil's war?"

"Why? Hu! If you were here in our boots, you would see quick enough."

"See what?"

"Oh, my good fellow, I am not a fat little baby, and neither are you. I say it is a devil's war! Just wait two weeks more, and you will see them bring poor Matvei home. You will hear him curse and swear."

"But who is he?"

"He got caught in the wheel of a big gun. His cousin Stepan wrote us all about it. His right leg was cut off by this wheel—all but a bone sticking out from his thigh. And his left arm was torn off, too, by a shell in the fight. And for all this trouble what do they give him? How he will curse and swear! They give him three rubles ($1.56) a month for the rest of his life. A nice life he will have—with a wife here and five children. His wife hardly sleeps now at night. She goes from hut to hut. She shouts—'What can I do with three rubles a month? Can I feed my five children—all too small to work? And when, besides, my poor man comes to be fed, with no leg and no arm—what?' When she gets this far she almost always puts her head in her dress and boohoos like a baby.

"I tell you, my good barin, that all my soul gets sick when I think of this war. Why was it started—why—why? What do we care about Manchuria? Are we pigs? Do we want all the land on earth? No! We want lives—we want to keep our own lives. Don't even our lives belong to us?" The short man was now half shouting.

"Oh, my dear fellow," said Maximoff, soothingly, laying his hand on the peasant's arm. "You and I must marry at once and raise large families. We can soon fix things right again. We—"

"Don't joke!" he shook off Maximoff's hand. "This is no gay matter. I see your game. You try to make me talk of something funny, but I won't. Now, what do you think about this war? What will be the finish?"

"God only knows."

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"God! It's always God—God. That won't do, I tell you. We must help ourselves!"

"But, my good fellow, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Nothing. But our bureaucracy must! Look here," suspiciously, for his friend had nudged him to be careful. "You are not one of them? Sure?"

"No—no. I told you what I was. I was a butter—"

"Yes, yes, never mind." He scratched his head. "You might think our bureaucrats were just made to be enemies of us simple men. If we peasants would only talk straight out and make them see our wants!"

"Oh, my wise friend," laughed Maximoff, "you talk like a prince. You and I are only simple men; we are too stupid to do this talking; we only know that one ruble is not as good as two; also that you can't take at once twenty bottles of vodka. But to think out these big ideas—never."

"Hold on, my good drunkard. The peasant is gray [uneducated]—yes, yes, but let me tell you," emphatically, leaning forward, "no wolf has eaten his brain!"

"Well, what do you think these wise, wise peasants want?"

"Not this!"—with his knuckles he mimicked the roll of a drum. "Flags, bands, bright breeches—bah!—all stupidities, good only for children! Hold on!—children and bureaucrats!"

"And your fellows around here—they think the same as you?"

"They do now—every one."

"Then tell me, my friend, why is it that these bureaucrats can make us all be soldiers when none of us want to be?" At this the peasant scratched his head again.

"No, I can't explain it," he said at last. "It's like the seventeen sheep I used to have. I say *used* to have. Even if my shed had been on fire, I'm sure that if one sheep ran in the others would all follow. But look here—I'm sure of this—if only a few peasants begin to refuse to go in to be killed for nothing but three rubles a month, then all the others will begin refusing, and the whole army will melt. It will! Because who can force us except other soldiers? Don't you see? They must have *us* to make *us*.

"I think they will soon begin refusing. One fellow wrote me about one battle two months ago. He said:

"'Between the Japs and us was a ravine, very narrow and thirty feet deep. In an hour the whole ravine was filled up with horses and men. When our regiment got there, I walked across on bodies. There was so much blood that it looked as if some bodies were floating till you stepped on them. You had to step on them because the fellows behind kept pushing. I looked down once when I felt some fingers grab my left boot, but I was glad I could not find the face. Lots of our fellows were laughing mad all around me. And now they are sending back whole trains full of mad fellows.'

"That's what he wrote. We keep the letter in M——'s hut. We all know it through and through. Hold on," as he jumped up, "look out here. Some more of our fellows have just been taken off to be butchered." We all looked through the low windows.

Along the road a long, broken procession of sledges was coming slowly back from the railroad station twenty miles away; first nine, then seven more, and then four bringing up the rear. On each sledge sat a peasant woman muffled in shawls and staring dully ahead. No one of them noticed the tea-house or gave any sign of life. Only in the rear group the third sledge had two women—one young, the other old and withered; her old face seemed to quiver, her lips moved ceaselessly, and when she saw us looking, she hastily brushed her eyes. But the young woman saw nothing. She had half under her shawl a baby. It was dressed in its Sunday best.

For a time we said nothing.

"Well, my wise peasant," said Maximoff at last, speaking low, "how can you make things better? What do you think about your share in this Government?" A pause.

"I? Oh, I think quite easily."

"But what?"

"That nobody can do more than he can do."

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"No answer at all. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Hu! If you can't understand so simple an idea, how can I talk to you?"

"But try."

"No use. I tell you, nobody can understand the peasant's business if he has never tried to eat black bread with salt and water, with vodka only three times a year—squeezing life out of a little field and then having this squeezed from him in taxes, and still trying to get life for his children. When you get into life like this, you often become quite thoughtful, and when you have these thinking spells you think very clearly, for this is not book-thinking. In books men write a lot of things, but not real living things like what you think when you have not even black bread in the hut."

"But what do you think at such times, my old plow philosopher?"

"That if our plows should stop, then even the big men would have to stop eating our bread."

"Well, but you must plow, you know."

"Oh, you can't stop me up like that. I say they are eating *our* bread. All our village money they take and spend, not for our roads and things, but in the big places. We are just cattle. If they had more sense, they would treat their cattle better. We peasants, when we want our cow to give good milk, we give her water and hay and grass. We know also that our cow's calf will be no good unless we give it the mother's milk. Now try and catch me. By the milk I mean my crops. By the calves I mean my children. And I say that my crops must be used to feed my children. I say that all the tax-money we pay must be used, not in big places, but right here around the village. We want all the scrub trees pulled up on the wild lands, the stumps pulled up by big fine machines, the swamps drained by canals and ditches. We want village barns full of plows and all kinds of new machines and the best seeds. We want everything to make the land better. We must, because we people are growing more and the land is giving out. Besides this, we want a fine school. Our school peasant is worth two gray ones."

"Oh, look here, my friend," said Maximoff, "I'm not so sure that school instruction does not do more harm than good. When I lived in Petersburg, I noticed that about all the bums and thugs in sight had had more schooling than the simple peasant. And what good did it do them?"

"All wrong. You are talking now about another thing. You think that schooling is just learning to read and write. Perhaps that does no more harm than good. But what I want in the schools is much bigger."

"Well—what?"

"Most of all I want the school to teach what the village needs to be happy. Arithmetic and other big sciences—I don't know the names—may all be good too, but what I want is bigger and simpler. Let me tell you what I did this winter. I had the luck to find an old red holy book; I read it in all my spare time when we were snowed in the hut, and there I learned all about Stepan of Perm. Do you know who he was?"

"I don't," said Maximoff. (The name is about as familiar in Russia as that of George Washington in America.)

"Ha! That's good. You don't. Then I, the gray peasant, will tell you. Stepan of Perm was the son of a rich merchant. He left all his big riches and got into very bad poverty, and so he saved his soul, not by sermons and fasting, but by helping peasants to be happy. Oh, he was not at all like our village pope. Our pope always prays and prays—'My God, *give* me this and this and this,' but never 'My God, *take* something.'" At this sally all the crowd roared. The little room had half filled with peasants.

"Good!" cried Maximoff. "That reminds me of a pope up near Yarislav. When this pope saw a peasant woman coming into church with a basket of eggs he always prayed, 'Oh, great and almighty Father—give us—give us—give us.' But once when he saw an angry peasant coming down the road with a big stick to beat him, he cried, 'Oh, great and almighty Father—this is for you.'"

"Ha! ha! That's a good joke. But look here—we are having too many jokes. Listen to me, fellows. Stepan was not like that. His praying was just

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working. By the way he lived he showed what the holy book says, 'By the sweat of your face you must get your bread.' I think his sweat was more sweet to God than all this holy oil the pope burns in the lamps."

"But how about the monks? Even still you have monks in the monastery near here. And they sweat—don't they?"

"Now I see that you can never understand me"—the peasant swallowed his tea impatiently, and lit another cigarette. "These monks sweat—yes. But they sweat only for themselves. This is the big difference. Stepan sweated for the peasants. He didn't wall himself in, he lived among the people, and always worked, and all his work was like praying to God. When Stepan helped a sick peasant to plow, or when he dug big ditches to dry off swamps for peasants too stupid to see what good the ditches would do, I say this digging and plowing was like praying—only better—because it really did something. All the peasants who saw him began soon to try to help each other. And this helping each other was just the beginning of a heaven right down in the village instead of way up above the clouds. We can't see through the clouds, anyway." He gulped down a last glass of tea, and rose stiffly. "Well, I must go and mend my sledge. My boy Alexei broke it yesterday by throwing a big log on it too hard when we were loading up. Alexei has a fine arm—fine—and besides this he is smart. Now don't you go and tell him this—you fellows. I don't want Alexei spoiled."

We were soon on the road again, and for an hour Maximoff rapidly filled in the broken snatches I already had of the interview. Then we stopped again.

This second tea-house was like the first—a little larger, ceiling even lower, ceiling and walls of rough, smoky plaster. A dozen peasant men and boys sat round the tables. In one corner sat an old pilgrim tramp in brown rags; his red pack lay on the bench, his torn sheepskin cap on the table, and his white staff stood in the corner. Long, unkempt hair and beard of gray; brown, massive face; deep, curious eyes; the same stolid silence.

There were no babies here, so we brought out a flask of "American vodka," and gradually Maximoff became to all appearances quite drunk. He had told the crowd that this American drink was ten times as strong as the Russian—that one drink made you dream and shout and sing. So now they watched curiously. Maximoff grew worse. Still no interview in sight. At last he staggered up, jerked out his purse (which I had half emptied with hands under the table), reeled over to the astonished old pilgrim, and poured the contents into his hands. The old man leaped up. The others crowded round and counted. One ruble and twenty-six kopecks (sixty-four cents)! Surely this barin must be very drunk. The ice was broken. Maximoff slowly slackened his spiritual pace and became only genial while the talking began.

It was led by our landlady, a little old woman who stooped as she brought in the tea-trays and beamed as she gave Maximoff an extra big lump of sugar. Her thin gray hair was drawn back tight and plaited in a big ring round the back of her head. Her small black eyes sparkled.

"You're a brave fellow," she cried, "to sing and laugh when your business in Siberia is all smashed. Only let me tell you—listen to an old mother's advice and don't throw away your money like this. It isn't funny to be starving. Oh, my good lads, there is a lot of starving around here. Every month our poor fellows have less cows to milk, because when they can't pay their tax then in march the police and sell all their cows. The fists [village merchants and usurers] buy the cows and kill them, and sell the meat in the cities, and so make a deal of money. And so between them all they slowly kill our housekeeping. No milk, no butter to sell. And now no cow manure in the fields, and how can you get a good crop without manure? Why doesn't some smart man tell these bureaucrats that if they kill our cows this year they will get no taxes at all when next year comes?"

She stopped to serve a peasant girl who had come in with a little bag of potatoes. The old woman took the pota-

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toes as pay and gave the girl sugar, breaking it off in great chunks with a hammer. The peasants, old and young, were now gathered on stools in a wide semicircle round our corner. They wore long, stiff sheepskin coats of russet brown, with a darker fringe of fur sewed on for collars; all the seams were coarse and uneven; the cloths wrapped round and round the legs were old and ragged. Rows of boots stood over by the wall. Fingers ran through long, coarse hair. Eyes showed how hard and deep and gloomy was the thinking.

"Yes," she sighed, coming back. "The peasant is always left out. Just look at the courts—one court for bureaucrats, another court for peasants. And in the peasant's court the punishments are twice as bad. If a peasant steals two hundred rubles, he goes to Siberia for life; but in the other court you can steal three hundred and fifty rubles and still get only a year in prison. And even in the peasant court a rich peasant always just gives vodka to the judge, and so he goes out free. Now ask this American if it is like this in his country."

I was forced to admit that it is hard in any country for a rich man to do wrong.

"Well," she sighed, "perhaps you, too, have the 'fists' in America. And I think they are worse than the nobles and the bureaucrats; because when a small man gets rich fast he is twice as bad as a noble." The circle of eyes gleamed approval. "I think the best way would be to just stop these men from piling up money and bribing every one to let them do what they please. But we can never do that till we get some honest judges; and we can never have honest judges till all men have the God-fear in their hearts. And then there will be no need at all of any laws, but only God-rule.

"But now let me tell you"—her old voice grew low and shook slightly. "I am afraid that before this God-rule, very soon will come the Antichrist and the end of the world. The holy books say that the end will come when all peoples rise up and kill each other. And isn't this just what they are doing now in this war? Why is everybody killing—killing—killing?"

"Oh, but, my good mother, you are wrong. Don't be so frightened. There is no Antichrist in sight yet. The whole world is not like Russia. Just look at this good, jolly American fellow. He does not wish to kill us, nor we him."

"That is quite right." The old woman beamed. "I wish that all the nations and countries would like each other. And they do, my lads, they do. Listen to me, for I'm an old woman, and I've seen many war-times. Let me tell you, the *peoples* do like each other. It's only the governments that fight. Now they tell me that before this war the Japanese were very kind to the Russian people near Japan. And so, too, the Russian people were good to the little Japanese in Russia. I shall remember to my dying day how, when this war was proclaimed, and the Japanese Czar ordered all the Japanese to leave Russia, then very many little Japanese servant-girls there in Port Arthur and in Vladivostok, too, cried very hard like crazy when they had to leave their Russian friends. I know this, for I heard it from one of our peasant girls who went there as a nurse in a Russian family. She wrote it all back to us here. It proves that the Japanese have hearts just as warm and good as ours. For do not our own girls often cry hard when they leave the Petersburg families where they have been many years nursing babies, and getting fond of them? My husband's youngest sister did. Yes—yes—all people have hearts the same. What difference does it make if their skins are yellow and their eyes are long and narrow? I tell you I hope that some of our lads out there in the army will marry Japanese girls. How I would like to see one walk in here next summer!" The old woman burst into a merry laugh at the thought. The younger peasants grinned expectantly. The ice was still further broken.

"Back in our village," our tall driver spoke up beside me, "they say that when this war is over we must surely make a long union with Japan. It is bad to have a neighbor your enemy. I say that a bad peace even is better than the best fighting."

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"Peace!" cried a dark, sallow, narrow-chested peasant. "I tell you we won't have any peace! I think both these Governments love to fight, and they hate their own people. They dream about nothing but spilling the people's blood. Even in Japan, I believe the people are starving now, like us, to pay the bigger war taxes. Oh, we have a fine Government! You might think we have not enough land already, and so we must fight and kill to get more. Just look out there." He stooped and pointed through the low window. "Look at all those wild woodland spreads. We have no chance to cultivate them, but they are there, aren't they? And look at Siberia. My cousin in the war wrote me in his letter that the train kept going a whole month, and all that land was Russia; often they went two or three hours without stopping, and he could not see a village. Isn't that land enough? Couldn't they use this, and not kill us in order to steal other people's land?"

"No—no—my son," the old pilgrim tramp rose stiffly in his rags and pompously spoke. "The ways of God cannot be described nor found out. To think about these high matters is the business of all our earthly and heavenly masters." He paused a moment, his deep eyes staring solemnly out from under his shaggy locks; then he winked just a little and sat down.

"Oh, you are very clever!" cried the old mother, impatiently. "Who are the masters? We are! Don't we pay the money for all this? And I tell you my money is mine just as much as my old man is mine. I'd like to see them take *him* away!"

"Oh, mother," cried the jolly Maximoff, "you could get another in no time at all!"

"No, my good boy, leave your old mother alone. I have lived with my man thirty-two years, and I don't want to change him." Just then a peasant went by the window on a sledge. She ran to look out.

"Is that your husband? What a fine-looking—"

"Stop your talk! That is not my man, but a vile beast from the next village. It is his business to fix the roads. How did he get this business? Oh, we all know well enough. By bribing our starosta [president of village mir] and the Zemsky Natchalnik [representative of Minister of Interior]. Don't let him fool you by his ragged coat and his old cap. That beast has enough to pay the Natchalnik one thousand rubles a year for his place."

"But why does he bribe the Natchalnik?"

"Because this Natchalnik can say who shall have the business of fixing roads."

"What? I thought the road-mender was elected by your mir and by the zemstvo."

"Yes. But this Natchalnik, who has the whole bureaucracy behind him—he always scares the mir and makes us elect just the men he wants for judge and village clerk and road-mender and everything. If any peasant gets up in the mir and says, 'Peasants, I want another road-mender and another judge,' then at once this Natchalnik shouts, 'This man is a dangerous conspirator. Off with him to jail!' He can always put in jail any one whom he thinks is a conspirator. So no one dares to stand up in the mir against him." The old woman shook her head sadly. "Oh, yes, my jolly lads, you are young and you don't know. But I know. Let me tell you in time—for I like you, I feel as if we had all three been made from the same stock—so listen." She lowered her voice and added tremulously, "The Antichrist is coming."

Later she brightened a little and asked us not to go till she could give us a treat. So we waited, chatting on while she bustled round the old brick oven behind. She soon came out in triumph with a dish of little baked potatoes, crisp and brown outside, deliciously mealy within. She had no butter or forks, but we ate them with salt. She refused our money. A hearty round of good-bys and we were into our sledge and away.

On those last ten miles into town the sledge went slower and slower, until, with reins lying loose, the little horses walked leisurely along, while our tall young peasant driver talked more and more earnestly.

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"It's bad enough now," he said. "But when our whole village shall be owned by the fist, then we shall have got to the worst. The fist is sure to own it all unless we find some way to stop him. And when he has eaten the whole village then he will eat the barin's estate. The fists are beginning to do this all over. I don't know exactly, but I think that in our district last year the fists bought four whole estates from barins. It may have been three.

"You see, these barins make a poor business of running estates now. They could do it all right before the emancipation of the serfs, for then they had slaves and labor all free. But now they don't know how to squeeze the peasants and make them into a new kind of slaves by wages. They don't know this new trick.

"But the fist, he knows. He can strangle you just as though he had a rope round your neck and were pulling on it and grinning. This is the way he does it. He waits till tax time comes in the fall, then he comes to your hut just ahead of the police, and says, 'I am your friend, I will save you,' so he loans you the money to pay your tax. But after this you must give him your best time right through the year, working on his fields, because the rate of interest on his loan is so high you can't pay it any other way. So there you are on his field, and you must work. You are just as much a slave as your grandfather was, except that he knew it.

"But now I think that even for this fist the time is nearly gone. Because now we begin to borrow money from our village mutual credit society. This is a new scheme, and it works a thousand times better than the fist's scheme.

"Only one thing about this is very bad. They begin to tell around the village that all the insurance and credit capital of our new society shall be taken by the bureaucracy for their war. They don't have any legal right at all to do this, only they have power and guns. But if they do really steal this money, then the whole people will go against the government. Nobody will pay his taxes. Nobody will even be a soldier. And then this bureaucracy will be left alone.

"Already they begin to see that we can do this, so now they begin to play tricks with us. In their newspapers they tell us they will give us a nice big representative assembly. You might almost think this was true. But we were not made of mutton-meat, and we begin to see through their tricks.

"What has made us see? Oh, a good many things, but most of all this." He pointed ahead. We stopped a moment. To our right the last few giant pines of the primeval forest stood bare and desolate, while the wind brought a deep, hushed murmur from their lofty branches; but before us the pines had all been cut away; only a few scrubby firs remained. And above these firs towered four black belching chimneys—a factory. "This," said our driver.

"The boys come here from villages by hundreds," he continued. "They think they can get rich here. You see, the man that owns the factory, he was a peasant boy, and now he is almost as rich as the Czar. Well, they don't get rich, they only get worn out. The air is bad, the hours are long, the machines make you keep on the jump, and so you feel like drinking vodka at night and going with women. And so when these boys are forty they are old men, they have saved up a little money, and they come back to the villages.

"And then they get thinking. First, they know about machines, and it is they who help the zemstvo men to show the old peasants that they must use new plows and all kinds of new machines. And then these workmen think a good deal more, for they know about all the tricks of the bureaucracy, and they tell the others.

"Now they laugh at this promise for a representative assembly. We laugh because we all know that this assembly will only have the right to give *advice*—nothing else. The bureaucracy loves to get only advice. They have been asking the zemstvos for advice for the last three years, and the zemstvos gave it—good advice, but what is the use of giving advice when the zemstvos are only put in jail for giving it?

"So now we must just give advice to ourselves. We must have our own

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assemblies, and decide exactly what we need.

"We know already that the zemstvos are a thousand times better for us than the bureaucracy. We see the zemstvos work hard and they do us a lot of good. But even the zemstvos have men who don't want the same changes that we need.

"We want big changes. We want all the land taken from the big owners. Let the government pay the owners for this land if it can, but any way give the land to the peasants. This money part of the business could be managed by the peasant banks which are run by the government. Then all the fine houses and buildings on the big estates we can use for fine big schools, where they will teach the peasants everything—reading and writing and figuring—and the best ways of farming, and all the trades, like tailoring and shoemaking and cabinet-making, and all the home industries.

"And I'm sure that the owners will not lose by this change. For the money they get for their land they can loan to our peasant banks at good interest, and besides they can use it to build factories and railroads and other things that will help us all get prosperous.

"But that is all a long way ahead. The first thing our assemblies will demand is, 'Stop this war! Give Manchuria to Japan and make with the Japanese a strong union.' For this war is wasting the very money the government will need for buying the land from the landowners.

"The sooner we have these assemblies the better. The biggest thing to bring them soon was that butchering the workmen in Petersburg, for it showed us very clearly, first, how ignorant these bureaucrats are; second, it showed us how the foreign countries are with us—for some foreign papers were smuggled in here unspoiled by the censor, and in them we read how in all the cities of America and England and all Europe the people are on our side; and, third, it showed us very clearly that the workmen and peasants of this country can never grow rich until they grow free. Just look at Japan. They say they have hundreds of big factories jumping up every year, and I think that this big jump depends on the jump in the soul of the people. For they are quite free, and so no one is afraid to put all his money into factories. They say, too, that in Japan the officials can't be bribed. Oh, they have great times ahead!"

"And what about Russia?" asked Maximoff.

"Well, I think that Russia must all be broken into States by the zemstvos—one zemstvo over each State—and a big assembly to run the whole lot. We must break up, because the Poles and Caucasians and Finns are all pulling away. But I think we need only half break up—in these small States all tied together. Then I think that very slowly all of us—Finns and Poles and Germans and Great Russians and White Russians and Little Russians and Lithuans and many others—very slowly all of us will be so melted together that even with a hammer and claw you could not tear us apart.

"Yes, my good barin, I say let us quit all these quarrels between each other. The Jews? Oh, let us take them in, too. They are good and bad, just as we are. I will tell you a story to show what I want.

"A cabinet-maker in our district married a Jewish girl. You ought to see their home. She is a fine housekeeper; she keeps the children well, she is always a good mother. And these children are new children—they are not Russian and not Jewish, but they have the best blood from each. You can't often see such smart and pretty children. She makes them all go to school every morning; she is more careful about this than our Russian mothers are. I tell you, those children are so smart that all the older peasants are beginning to watch them and know their names. The Church? Bah! She joined the old Russian Church just to save trouble. Why not? The main thing is that this peasant had good sense and hit the bull's-eye.

"Well, that's all I can think of. First get our freedom, then stop all our quarrels and get closer together, and then get all the land and build factories, and so I think that in a long time we will pull out of these bad times in Russia."

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THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

IX.—The Progress of the Siege

IF I were consulted with regard to equipment, by a person about to join one of the Japanese armies in Manchuria in the late fall, I should say, as emphatically as possible, "Get, first of all, a 'Primus' kerosene heater with a drum, or a light sheet-iron stove and half a dozen lengths of pipe. Food you need not worry about, because you can buy it in the Manchurian ports, as well as from Chinese provision peddlers who frequent the camps; but heat you must have, whether you live in a house or in a tent, and unless you take with you a wood-burning or kerosene-burning stove, you are likely to spend many hours in great discomfort, if not in positive wretchedness." Mr. Curtis and I, unfortunately, had no experienced friend to give us this judicious counsel; and although we were not limited in the matter of baggage, and might have carried into the field a base-burner or a kitchen range, if we had chosen to do so, we sailed from Japan without having provided ourselves with any means of warming a tent or a house. As a result of this negligence, we suffered from cold most of the time.

Throughout November and the early part of December the thermometer in our room at Liukiaton ranged from 38° to 50°; and in such temperatures it is not comfortable to sit still for two or three hours at a time, even in an overcoat and gloves. Frequently, at night, I had to warm my cold-stiffened fingers over a rubber hot-water bag before I could finish writing up my notes. Most of the Japanese officers at headquarters used hibachis, or small charcoal braziers, in lieu of stoves; but when we improvised one by putting a shovelful of half-ignited coal on a foundation of ashes in a zinc water-pail, we found that it evolved more carbonic acid gas than heat, and merely added headache to chilliness. Then we tried the Manchurian method of raising the temperature by burning dry cornstalk roots under the clay-covered "kang," or sleeping-platform; but this experiment was even less successful than the other, inasmuch as the "kang" leaked smoke through a hundred cracks, holes, and crevices, and soon made the air of the room unbreathable. We finally had to accept cold as one of the normal conditions of Manchurian life, and endured it, as we endured the smell from the fertilizer-barrel, with Oriental fortitude, if not with Christian resignation.

During the hours of darkness, and in the daytime when the weather was bad, I took refuge under two pairs of blankets, while Mr. Curtis kept his blood in circulation by pacing the room from end to end, as if he were a restless wild beast in a menagerie cage. This form of exercise, however, was open to objection, for the reason that it raised from the dry earthen floor a haze of fine, almost impalpable dust, which was very irritating to the air-passages, and which eventually brought on either a chronic cough or a sort of false influenza described by Mr. Curtis as "sniffles." I should not have minded the sniffles if I could have been sure of immunity from germs; but two or three generations of more or less unclean Chinese had lived and died in that room, and what lurking seeds of infection there might be in the dust of the earthen floor I did not know. Two of the foreign correspondents had already contracted Oriental diseases in native houses, and I was so much afraid of eye infection, in particular, that, after

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exhausting the supply of clean and trustworthy towels that I had brought from Japan, and had kept covered in my trunk, I used towels no more. It was safer to bathe one's face in listerine and water and allow it to dry in the air.

Cold, smoke, charcoal fumes, dust, bad smells, and germs are not serious hardships—as hardships go in Manchuria—and I should not refer to them at all if it were not necessary to explain why Mr. Curtis and I wrote so little for publication during the progress of the siege. When one comes home tired, after a long day in the trenches or on the wind-swept top of a distant mountain, it is not easy to sit down and write a descriptive letter by candlelight, in an atmosphere which has the temperature of a refrigerator, and which offers more than a suggestion of a Cuban back yard. If one writes up one's notes in such an environment, it is all that can reasonably be expected.

Throughout the early part of November we spent most of our days out-of-doors. Sometimes we went into the trenches, either separately or together; sometimes we walked to Ho-ozan or 229-Meter Hill, and watched from there the progress of the bombardment; and now and then, when we heard a great explosion, or saw a dense cloud of smoke rising in the direction of Port Arthur, we climbed Sandbag Battery Hill, in order to find out what had happened. On one of the trips that I made into the Russian valley, south of the divide, I happened to see an exhibition of artillery practice, which, although not in any way exceptional or unusual, seemed to me extremely interesting as an illustration of the way in which the Japanese protected their sappers in the front line. A four-gun howitzer battery, situated under the bluff near the headquarters of the Ninth Division, was shelling the fort of Ehrlungshan. In this there was nothing especially remarkable—forts were being bombarded every day—but in this particular case the battery was throwing shells into the inclosure over the heads of a party of Japanese who were intrenched on the crest of the counterscarp. The gunners, who were firing from behind a high protecting bluff, could not see the fort, nor any position near the fort, and their aim was controlled by an artillery officer standing on the top of Takushan, two miles away, who watched the fall of the shells through a glass, and sent directions to the battery by telephone. The thing that particularly impressed me was the wonderful accuracy of fire attained under such conditions. Ehrlungshan was more than a mile distant from the battery; the Russians behind the parapet and the Japanese sappers on the glacis were only seventy-five or eighty feet apart, and the slightest error in the elevation of a gun might send a shell into the trenches of the besiegers instead of across the moat into the inclosure of the fort; but no such error was ever made. Readers of The Outlook who are familiar with the city of Washington may be able to appreciate the skill of the Japanese artillery officers if they will imagine that a Russian garrison is holding the White House against a party of Japanese sappers intrenched on the eastern terrace of that building only seventy-five or eighty feet from the windows. On the back side of Capitol Hill there is a battery of 11-inch Japanese howitzers, which is so situated that its gunners can see nothing west of the Congressional Library. They have to throw shells into the invisible White House, over the heads of their comrades on the terrace, and to do it with a margin of less than a hundred feet for possible error. Their aim is virtually controlled by a Japanese artillery officer who stands on Kalorama Heights, watching the fall of the shells, and who sends directions to the gunners by telephone. Under such conditions as these, the Japanese howitzers would throw shells into the White House as one would toss marbles into a candle-box, and I have seen them do it again and again. More than once I have myself been in the situation of the sappers, and although Japanese shells were going close overhead, I had acquired such confidence in the coolness and skill of the gunners that I felt little or no apprehension of accidental injury. As a means of protecting the Japanese in the front parallel and on the edge of the Ehrlungshan moat from the fire of the Russian garri-

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son, this accurate bombardment was more efficacious than a wall would have been, since it drove the defenders of the fort to the shelter of their bomb-proofs, and made offensive operations on their part extremely hazardous if not impossible.

Each of the big howitzers of the Ninth Division battery had a crew of ten or twelve men, but in practice was worked by less than half that number. The ponderous shells were brought to the gun platform one after another on a low-wheeled cart, and were hoisted to the breech of the piece by means of a small steel crane. The muzzle of the gun was then depressed, the breech-block was thrown open, and when the point of the projectile had been inserted a slight push sent it down the copiously oiled barrel into place. A bag of powder was then put behind it; the gun-pointer adjusted the firing mechanism, closed the breech-block, and threw up the piece to the proper angle of elevation, which he ascertained by applying a gunner's quadrant to the outer surface of the big tube. The crew then awaited telephonic instructions from the observing officer stationed on the summit of Takushan. As soon as the latter reported the result of the previous shot the gun-pointer made such slight change as might be necessary in the horizontal or vertical angle of fire, the commander of the battery blew a short blast on a shrill whistle, the gun-firer jerked the lanyard sharply, and with a heart-shaking, ear-shattering "boom!" the huge shell soared heavenward over the crest of the high bluff. I was interested in making the discovery that it was possible to see the shell, and even to photograph it, in one particular part of its course. By taking a position close to and directly behind the breech of the gun, and looking intently at a point in the sky about fifty degrees from the zenith, I was able to see the projectile just before it reached the culminating point of its flight. It appeared as a small black dot, and was visible for a second and a half or two seconds. Then, as it began its descent, it suddenly vanished, the rapidity of its motion causing it to disappear as soon as the line of its fall brought it at a wide angle across the line of vision. Theoretically, I suppose it ought to be possible to see a shell coming toward one as well as a shell going away from one; but in practice I never succeeded in doing this. Projectiles used to come from so many different parts of the Russian line that I did not know in what quarter of the sky to look, and after I began to hear the hurtling, silk-tearing sound I was more interested in looking for cover than in looking for the shell. A vision of sudden death is not the kind of vision that enables one to locate a small black approaching dot in the illimitable blue of the sky. The only foreigner in front of Port Arthur who seemed to regard Russian shells with indifference, and who tried repeatedly to catch them "on the fly," was Mr. James Ricalton, a professional photographer from New Jersey. Instead of looking over the field for the purpose of finding a safe place in which to set up his camera, he made a survey of it with the deliberate intention of picking out the most dangerous place. His object was to get a photograph of a shell-burst close at hand, and behind the howitzer battery on the road to the headquarters of the Ninth Division he finally obtained two such pictures. That he got snapshots at the exploding shells and that the shells did not kill or disable him was a matter of pure luck. On one occasion, I believe, the wind of the projectile that he was trying to photograph carried away his hat. If I ever undertake to get a life-size portrait of a bursting shell, I shall try to provide myself with a telescopic camera, which will give the effect of nearness without exposing the photographer to the imminent peril of dismemberment and destruction.

On the 3d of November the two armies at Port Arthur—the besieged and the besiegers—gave themselves up to the celebration of two great national holidays. For the Russians the 3d of November was the anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne, while for the Japanese it was the anniversary of their Emperor's birth. When Mr. Curtis and I walked over to headquarters about nine o'clock in the forenoon, flags were flying here and there in different parts of the village, and everybody seemed to be in holiday spirits, if not in holiday

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attire. In front of the commissary a table covered with red cloth had been set out on the ground, and about half an hour after our arrival four or five officers of General Nogi's staff drew up in a line beside it, another took his place behind it, and a number of noncommissioned officers, representing all the companies on duty at Liushiatun, came forward, one after another, to take part in the ceremonial observance of the day. Each man removed his cap and walked, with measured steps, to a position about fifteen feet from the table, where he stopped and saluted. He then advanced three paces more, and, stopping and saluting a second time, said, slowly and distinctly, "I reverently salute the birthday of his Majesty the Emperor." As soon as the officer behind the table had returned his salute, the soldier retired, while another took his place and went through the same ceremony. Last of all came the Manchurian mayor, or head man of the village, who made a long speech in Chinese, and then, bowing to his waist, wished the Japanese Emperor health, prosperity, and a long life.

Special preparations had been made at Liushiatun, in the camps and in the trenches, for an exceptionally good holiday dinner, and at noon every soldier in the Third Army was served with fish soup, lobster with radishes, baked tai (a well-known Japanese fish), boiled red beans, rice curry, a package of Japanese candy, sixty cigarettes, and half a pint of sake. The dinners for the sappers and soldiers in the advanced parallels and on the edges of the moats of the Russian forts were served to them hot, although it was necessary to carry the food from half a mile to two miles through the trenches. The Russians, fortunately, were so much occupied with their own celebration that they did not fire much, and the Japanese soldiers at the front were able to eat their dinners in comparative peace and comfort. The bombardment on our side was limited to an Imperial salute of one hundred and one guns, but as the guns were all loaded with heavy shells and aimed at the city of Port Arthur, General Stoessel, presumably, did not have a very quiet day. One of the shells started a conflagration in the Old Town, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and it burned nearly fourteen hours, sending up dense clouds of smoke, which could be seen from all parts of the Kwantung peninsula. The Emperor's birthday, therefore, was doubly honored—the Japanese firing the salute and the Russians furnishing the illumination. General Nogi sent to Mr. Curtis and me, with a letter in English, a brace of Manchurian ducks and a bottle of champagne—a courtesy which was paid, I presume, to all of the foreign correspondents and military attachés. With these unusual luxuries we had an excellent holiday dinner, drinking the champagne, out of teacups, to the health and long life of his Majesty the Emperor, and to the success of General Nogi and the gallant officers and soldiers in the advanced trenches. At the end of the Imperial salute of one hundred and one guns, firing on both sides completely ceased; and when I went out of doors, in the evening, after dinner, a strange and unnatural stillness seemed to pervade heaven and earth. The Russian searchlights were playing away, as usual, in the south, but there was not a sound of any kind to indicate that under those radiant beams two hostile armies were watching each other across the deep, dark moats of Sungshushan, Ehrlungshan, and North Keekwan. The suspension of hostilities amounted virtually to a truce, and although smoke continued to roll up from the burning buildings in the Old Town, not a shot was fired on either side between sunset and dawn.

On the morning after the Emperor's birthday I had an opportunity, for the first time, to get a little information that seemed to be trustworthy with regard to the state of affairs in the besieged fortress. Two Russian deserters from one of the detached batteries in the railroad valley had come into our lines at night, near the village of Shuishi, and had been brought to General Nogi's headquarters for examination. As soon as I heard of their arrival I asked permission to see them; and about ten o'clock Lieutenant Oata and I, accompanied by Mr. Shiga, an ex-member of the Japanese Parliament, and three or four officers of the staff, went to the office of the Chief of

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Gendarmes, where the prisoners were. They proved to be intelligent young peasants from the province of Kovno, and when I greeted them in Russian and told them who I was, their faces brightened with interest, and one of them hastened to inform me that he had two brothers in America, and that he had often wished to go there himself. When I asked in what particular part of America his brothers were living, he replied that he did not know how to pronounce the name of the town, but could write out for me the address that his elder brother had sent him and that he used on all his letters. As soon as I furnished him with pencil and paper, he wrote his brother's name and address, in English letters, as follows:

Par. Plase
Spulkun Cono
Nort Amerika
Mikail Nasimovich

If Michael Nasimovich ever received letters from Port Arthur thus directed, the blind-address experts of our Post-Office Department are certainly entitled to great credit. "Spulkun" sounds a little like "Spokane," and "Cono" may be meant for "County" or for "Conn." but "Par. Plase" is a "plase" at whose identity I cannot even guess. Perhaps some reader of The Outlook may recognize in it the Russianized name of his native town; but to me it suggests only "Paragraph Place."

As soon as Private Nasimovich learned that we desired information with regard to the state of things in Port Arthur, he gave it to us intelligently and with every appearance of perfect honesty. His comrade, who seemed to be a man of less education, talked less freely, but threw in a few words, now and then, of explanation, suggestion, or comment. They both gave to Generals Folk and Kondrachenko the credit for all the skill and stubbornness shown in the defense. "If it had not been for them," said Nasimovich, "Port Arthur would have fallen long ago."

"What about General Stoessel?" I inquired. "He was in supreme command, wasn't he?"

The soldier shrugged his shoulders and replied, contemptuously, "Stoessel and Alexeief are two of a kind, and neither of them is of much use in war. Stoessel isn't even a brave man. We seldom saw him at the front, and I've been told that during all the heavy bombardments he was hidden in a bomb-proof. I don't know about that, but we soldiers didn't think much of him. Then, too, he was always lying to us. Not so very long ago he issued a proclamation saying that General Kuropatkin's army was near Dalny and would come to our help in a few days. We were told also that our warships which escaped from Port Arthur in August—the Askold, the Novik, the Diana, and others—all got through safely to Vladivostok. What was the use of lying so? Many of us didn't believe it then."

"But you must have had some good officers," I said. "You certainly put up a good fight."

"Yes," he replied, "Admiral Makaroff, General Folk, and General Kondrachenko were brave men and good leaders, and there were many others of lower rank; but most of the regimental and company officers drank too much vodka and played cards too much. How can you plan things and lead well when you are drunk? You can't; nobody can! Only the other day a lieutenant-colonel and three or four other officers were drinking and playing cards in a bomb-proof. A big shell pierced the roof and smashed up the whole lot of them. The lieutenant-colonel was carried, half-dead and half-alive, to the hospital, but what happened to him afterward I don't know. Then, too, many of our company officers lied to us, particularly about the Japanese. They told us that if the Yapontsi captured us, they would kill us slowly—in Chinese fashion—by cutting our fingers, toes, arms, and legs off, joint by joint; but some of us didn't believe it."

"You yourself don't seem to have lost any fingers or toes," I said.

"No," he replied, with a grin; "they have treated us very well, and lots of our fellows would come over to this side in the night, if they knew."

"What is the matter with so much of your ammunition?" I inquired. "Many of your shells don't burst."

"They've been trying," he said, "to

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make over a lot of the old shells that the Chinese left in the forts a long time ago, and they're no good. Ammunition for some of the guns is beginning to run short." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Some kinds of provisions are running short, too. They've eaten up all the horses that can be spared, and for some time the soldiers have had no meat. The officers can still buy chickens and fish, but our brother" (Russian idiom for "we fellows") "has to live mostly on black bread."

If I had been alone with these soldiers, I should have asked them many questions that I did not like to ask in the presence of the Japanese. It did not seem quite fair to get from them information that would be useful to the besiegers, and then give that information to officers of General Nogi's staff. The latter, I am glad to say, had delicacy of feeling enough to respect the personality and character even of two deserters, and refrained from making any inquiry that could possibly put the soldiers in the attitude of betraying their comrades. They were evidently impressed, however, by the frank and honest way in which the prisoners answered such questions as were put to them; and when the interview was over, one of the officers turned to me and inquired, "Are all Russians as free-hearted as that?" To the reserved, cautious, rather secretive Japanese, the boyish trust, cordiality, and responsiveness of the two young soldiers were novel and surprising. Japanese prisoners, in similar circumstances, would have given no information, and would have concealed carefully every personal thought, feeling, and impulse. The Russian may not wear his heart on his sleeve, but you may see it through his eyes and hear it in his voice; while the heart of the Japanese, even when it is warm, tender, and responsive, beats in a sort of temperamental safe-deposit box, under the lock and key of repressive ancestral training. You may conjecture that he has weaknesses, but you very rarely see any signs of them; and in the defensive attempt to hide your own weaknesses you often fail to get into sympathetic relations with him.

On the 5th of November the weather suddenly grew colder, with a strong gale of wind from the north; the ground was whitened, for the first time, with snow, and life in Chinese houses, as well as in the trenches at the front, became more uncomfortable than ever. The Japanese batteries continued to bombard the city and the forts, and there was more or less fighting every day in front of the strong Russian positions east of the railway; but the siege presented no exciting or spectacular features, and some of the correspondents were of opinion that nothing more would be done until spring. None of the permanent forts had yet been taken, there seemed to be no prospect of another general assault, winter had apparently set in, and the whole outlook was discouraging. In such circumstances Mr. Villiers and Mr. Barry decided to go home, and on the evening of November 5 they started for Dalny, leaving at the front seven correspondents and two photographers who were determined to "see the thing out," or were prepared at least to hold on for another month. The suspension of active operations, however, was apparent rather than real. The Japanese in the camps were digging underground shelters; heavy overcoats, lined or trimmed with fur, had been issued to the troops; firewood in immense quantities was arriving at the front from Japan; and preparations were everywhere being made for a winter campaign; but, on the other hand, there was no cessation of activity in front of the forts, and I could see no sign of an intention to go into winter quarters and wait passively for the coming of spring. On the contrary, the arrival of three fresh companies of sappers from Liaoyang, the steady progress that was being made with trenches, tunnels, and mines along the eastern sector of the Russian defensive line, and the news that the Third Army would shortly be reinforced by the whole of the Seventh Division and four thousand additional men to fill "death holes,"[1] seemed to me to indicate that the siege was to be pushed with more energy and vigor than ever, and such proved to be the case.

[1] A vacancy or gap made in the ranks of a company by sickness or casualty is called by Japanese soldiers a "death hole."

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A Communistic Idyl

By Lucy Rebecca Watkins

I.

THE sheen of the early morning still lay upon the lilacs in the house-yards, upon the fields sweeping back to the hills a mile away, and upon the river below that curved lazily after leaving the base of the plateau on which the village stood. Overlooking the river were the warehouses, the mills, and the winery. Back of the village were the fields, rich brown in their newly turned furrows. Towards the river and towards the fields were hastening from their many households the quaintly dressed brethren and sisters forming Father Rapp's communistic settlement at Economy.

Just before the inn door Mary Henrici, joining a group of women, announced excitedly:

"They have gone—Jacob and Lizbeth!"

"Gone?" chorused the women. "Where have they gone? When did they go?"

"No one knows," Mary answered. "Lizbeth's mother found out first, but never suspected anything was wrong until John Schurz told her that Jacob never came in last night after the band stopped playing. They must have gone early this morning; but how, is quite another thing. There isn't even a horse missing, and the river is too high for a pleasure trip—isn't it, Carolina?" she broke off to a little old bent woman who had met them at the mill door.

For answer Carolina pulled nervously at the bright kerchief crossed over her shriveled bosom, and opened a toothless mouth to ask, "Hein?"

"We are talking about Jacob and Lizbeth," Mary explained. "They have run away to be married. Come, Carolina, tell us what you know about them."

Carolina pursed up her lips, scorning the temptation. There was a strong feeling against gossip in Economy. Even the square, gabled houses of brick had been built with but one door—and that a back one—to prevent any invitation to gossip. At Carolina's rebuke the sisters dropped their eyes under their absurdly broad-brimmed straw hats, shrugged with some difficulty their shoulders under the skimp flannel gowns capacious only of sleeve, and turned to follow Carolina into the mill. Mary rallied her forces by declaring, "What I tell you is not gossip. Isn't Jacob my brother?"

"And isn't Lizbeth my own sister, although we dwell in different households?" added Katharine. "Sisters"—her voice lowered cautiously as John Schurz approached. The women caught the uneasy tone and turned just as the society's most rigid trustee, stern and silent, passed them. "Sisters," Lizbeth's sister continued, stung anew by this symbolized letter of the law, "before the celibacy vow was forced upon us last autumn, Jacob played every night under Lizbeth's window, and he has done so ever since. And poor Lizbeth has cried nearly all the time since Jacob took the vow. She said she couldn't, wouldn't keep it, and neither would Jacob. She said that to love is natural for the young. We all know she is right."

"It was natural in Würtemburg, and in Zelionople, and in Harmony," added Johanna, with a sigh. "John Schurz was my man, too, kind and good to me until Father Rapp said John must go live with the men, and I with the women. Of course, if the children had lived—"

"Jacob is a trustee, too," interrupted Christina Rapp, driving home the enormity of the crime. Christina was a leader among the women, not only because her young husband was son of Father Rapp and financial manager of the society, but also because of her own rare worth. The women listened to her now, remembering her little Heinrich laid beneath the snow of the orchard with their own dead; remembering this woman's splendid adherence to the law that separated her even now from her dying husband. Christina's words, as

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usual, had weight. "Here was—is—official rupture of the law," she thought to herself, "and if official resistance, why not the beginning of resistance from all?" But aloud she questioned, "What will become of our society if such men as Jacob Henrici forsake our number?" The women instinctively drew closer together. Old Johanna muffled a sob.

"Father Rapp knows best," mumbled stupid Frederika, rounding the heel of her coarse blue stocking.

"Frederika is right, Christina," affirmed Mary Henrici. "Father Rapp is wiser than any of us. He will act wisely with Jacob and Lizbeth. You will see, sisters."

As though pealing forth a prophecy rather than rallying the communists to their several tasks, the clock in the tower of the church struck the hour of six—first the little bell, then the big bell. As its last stroke dinned along the wide, grass-grown streets to the fields or to the mill, Father Rapp, leaning heavily on the arm of John Schurz, appeared at the central street door of the Big House opposite the church. Involuntarily the two men glanced at the clock, unconscious of the fact that its one hand now pointed out the closing hours of the first quarter of the century. The gate clicked after them as down the now deserted street the two men passed, their backs to the village. At the first corner they paused, and, standing in silence, gazed down the path they had just come, yet saw neither church, Big House, nor music hall, nor the grape-trellised houses that beyond flanked the sidewalk at regular intervals. One stroke of the little bell of the clock announced the quarter of the hour. The men turned the corner and walked toward the river. Shielded effectively from the village, and still in silence, they kept close to the high stone wall inclosing the patriarch's garden, from over which formidable masonry came the clank of gardeners' tools and the smell of the moist earth and of lilacs. From the orchard skirting the other side of the road mating birds called among the massy bloom. Fat robins hopped along the ground under their very feet; but the men that were deaf to the calls from the orchard were blind to the piercings of sharp beaks in the clumps of violets, and to the soft down of wings that spread to whir high over the straight rows of young mulberry-trees. At the brow of the hill the men parted in silence, the younger to enter the silk-mill, the elder to descend the hill to the river.

II.

All day long the little bell in the church-tower regulated by one stroke, two strokes, and three, on the quarter, the half, and the three-quarter hours, the simple life of the communists, as, working side by side at loom, in shop, or in the field, the secret of the morning filled their silent, narrowed thought. But evening brought no further clue to the runaways.

This sorrowful news was all Father Rapp had to exchange with the remaining members of his council as he awaited their coming in a room of the Big House overlooking the high wall, river, and hills. It was the concert hour. The garden gates were unlocked, and the music-loving brethren and sisters were filling favorite benches within sight and sound of the music-stand. Vaguely the patriarch saw this movement as he looked out over his people. From the music hall near by came the blast of a horn, the roll of a drum. The sky and hills were aglow with the aftermath of sunset. Neither sound nor color entered the dazed senses of the patriarch and his council. Stern and silent they all sat, neither overcome by the hopeless mystery, nor yet taking any initiative to solve the still greater problem that must even now be presenting itself to the minds of the brethren and sisters. Fathers of families these men were, yet here in the hush of the twilight they sat sullen, brooding over the future, realizing only failure of the vow and the keen loss of their spokesman. The spring evening, pulsing with life and fragrant with the promise of fruitage in orchard and on grape-vines trellised high on the second story of all the houses, flung back to them the bitter struggle of the winter just passed, the resentment of the young, the separation of families, the life of form and of service that had been the only reward of the faithful. And in

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upon their mockery of rest came the old sweet plaintive airs of the Fatherland, strangely moving at last these white-haired formalists. The village life came to them in throbs of sound more or less distinct; and they knew that under the mulberry-trees, in the garden, and at the inn were gathered the victims of this more than pietist religious zeal—men and women stirred to their inmost depths by the boldness of the first open rebellion against the law.

"God help us all!" sighed tired old Johanna as the last wassailer left the inn. So muttering, she closed the door and barred it; then, taking her candle and her midnight lunch of cheese and bread, she climbed the steep stairs to her room. Here she fell asleep at once, in spite of the murmur of voices that beat an hour longer on her ears. Then the village slept.

Far into the night there sat alone in the Big House an old man, his white head bowed on his shaking hands.

III.

Christina Rapp did not mingle with the villagers that night in their simple amusements; nor was she at the mill the next day, nor yet the day that followed. George Rapp was dying, and, in defiance of law or vow, she had him to herself during these days of his passing. Old Carolina slipped in and out, busying herself with the lighter household cares; but, their house being apart from the others of the village, the husband and wife were for the most part alone. Just now Christina was throwing open the small windows to let in the May shine and song. Her sturdy, well-conditioned body abandoned itself to the mere delight of being alive; then, ashamed of such indulgence, she returned to her husband's bedside.

"I find myself thinking of Jacob and Lizbeth so often since I brought you here, George," the woman said, as she took in her strong clasp his wasted hand. He smiled, enjoying her beauty and vitality. "Wherever they are, I feel sure they are happy—happy as we are," she added, tenderly. Then, seeing signs of struggle in the dear face she loved, Christina insisted, "No, Jacob can't be happy, for he knows he is needed here."

"Yes; that is the right way to look at it, my Christina," the sick man said with effort. "They did wrong to go; and we did wrong to come here—to put aside the custom of the brethren and sisters. Christina, when I sleep in the orchard with our boy, Father Rapp will have to take Jacob back. The society must take him back. I have shared all the plans and secrets with him for years. Even though Jacob marries Lizbeth, he must be found and brought back. Tell Father Rapp all this. Plead for Jacob—and for ourselves."

"Just now?" she asked.

"Just now," he replied.

Christina found the patriarch in his garden, walking with head bowed and arms crossed behind over his queer, long black coat. His white hair fell unkempt over his low collar; his eyes had a far-away, pained look; and he started as she called to him softly.

"Well, my child?" he asked, gently. And then, "George—how is the boy?"

"George is troubled, Father Rapp, greatly troubled, first about our being together—Carolina and Frederika moved out, and I brought George back to our home—and troubled, Father Rapp, always about the society's affairs which he had so long shared with Jacob."

The old man's face hardened into silence.

"For the sake of the society, Father Rapp," the woman pleaded, "Jacob must come back."

"And now, where is he?" the old man said, turning fiercely upon her.

"Father Rapp," she replied, quietly, "George is your own son, and George is dying. At any time he may go. Jacob Henrici knows about all—the railroads, the oil, the land, the lawsuits. Father Rapp, even though Jacob and Lizbeth are married, Jacob must be found and brought back."

"I must have time to think, to talk with the others." The man pleaded now.

"Father, George is dying," came the old sad refrain. "We had to be together at the last." Christina kissed the old man's wrinkled hand; he kissed it where her lips had been when she had passed

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through the walks, unheeding, for the first time, the flowers he so loved.

IV.

The men and the women faced each other in the roomy, plain church. Father Rapp and his council, entering the one door, approached their customary seats. Involuntarily the eyes of the brethren and the sisters glanced from the vacant seat by John Schurz to the vacant seat by Katharine, A vague feeling of coming ill mingled strangely with the peace and promise of the spring day. Nor was this foreboding quieted as Father Rapp announced his text and then preached of the coming of our Lord upon the earth. Loud and clear his voice soared above the murmuring of the birds in the hush of that Sabbath morning. It reached Christina and George Rapp as they sat hand in hand by the window whither Christina had pulled the plain bed.

"It is of our Lord's coming," they told each other.

"Whether he comes to us or we go to him, it is the second coming," whispered the dying man.

Within the church the patriarch's voice now led in prayer. His people knelt in reverence, following that wonderful voice through all its calm, deep utterances, swaying to its power. They, too, prayed for the wanderers; they echoed an amen as they rose to receive the benediction.

And as they rose Jacob and Lizbeth stood in their midst. Advancing to the pulpit, Jacob said, "Father, brethren and sisters, do with us as you will. We are sinless in the sight of God and of man. We have come back as we went, man and maid. We have come back to remain man and maid forever."

Sectional Misapprehension[1]

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

NOT many days ago I sat talking with an elderly New England schoolmaster in his modest study. His courtesy, his cultivation, and the wide range of his information, unspoiled by pretense in manner or surroundings, reminded me of another schoolmaster with whom I had talked under similar circumstances in Virginia. These two men were more closely bound together than by their common citizenship in the republic of letters; they were of the same stock and bore the fruit of the same traditions. Together they were an impressive witness to the unity of that English strain of blood and culture, South and North, which has made, and by God's grace will preserve, this land.

This New England schoolmaster told me stories of his life as a prisoner of war, but the story that went deepest into my memory was that he told of a Southern clergyman whose charge was in the neighborhood of the prison. This stanch Confederate made it his business to look after the sick and dying among the Federal soldiers. If a soldier seemed about to die, he took his name and the names of his friends or relatives; he had headboards made, and on one of these the name of each prisoner who died was inscribed. In a cemetery not far away, out of some thirteen or fourteen thousand graves only ninety-four were marked; but in the burial-place for this prison, of the thirteen or fourteen hundred Federal dead only one hundred and thirty rest unknown. That showed what this Southern clergyman did. When at last the end of the war came and the Federal troops took possession of the place, every Northern soldier who came there knew this clergyman at once, and on meeting him saluted him. Like other Confederate sympathizers under similar circumstances, the clergyman feared for the safety of his property and went to the Union officer in charge to request a guard. He was asked his name.

"I am the Rev. George Washington Dame."

[1] An address delivered at the Eighth Annual Conference for Education in the South, at Columbia, South Carolina, April 28, 1905. The request that this subject be discussed by a Northerner came from the South.

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"So you are the Rev. George Washington Dame, are you? No," the Northern officer made answer, "I can't give you a guard."

The clergyman expostulated; he argued that others had obtained the privilege of a guard. The Northerner was relentless. Finally, in desperation, the clergyman asked: "Since you finally refuse me this request, will you at least satisfy my curiosity and tell me why."

"Certainly," the Federal officer replied. "You surely must know that I've been told what you've done. Why, you are as safe as the Commander of the Sixth Army Corps!"

This incident, like many another, revealed as in a flash of light the community of feeling between North and South which existed even during the war. It was this underlying kinship which more than all political and military measures made disunion impossible. The war was a test of Fate; and Fate stood the test.

We Americans, however, seem to enjoy the game of baiting destiny. As if not satisfied with the war, we tried worrying Fate into changing her mind by all the blunders and perversities of the Redestruction Period. Since then we have been slowly getting tired of this cruel sport. The tragedy has come, not to the destiny of the Nation, but to those who have suffered from the use of their own weapons, sectional misapprehensions.

It has often been said that sectional misapprehensions are due to the fact that the people of one section do not understand the conditions existing in the others. To make it specific: Southerners have frequently maintained that before the war Northerners were unacquainted with the conditions of life caused by slavery, and that to-day a Northerner who visits the South cannot understand the conditions of life there unless he makes the South his home. If this were so, we might as well abandon at once our attempts to understand one another. For one, I do not believe it; indeed, I think there is reason for believing exactly the opposite. The best interpreters of American life have been a Frenchman and an Englishman, De Tocqueville and Bryce. There are certain advantages a visitor has over a resident in discovering the various sides of life in a city. Any one of you, I believe, could find out in two days' time much of what happens in the village in which I live that is quite hidden from me.

There is nothing mystic or esoteric about what people do or how they live. To ascertain that requires little more than diligence. But it is quite a different task to learn what they believe and how they feel. Sectional misapprehensions have lasted because, in studying how the other section lives, each section has forgotten to learn what the people of the other section profoundly believe.

The misapprehension that one section desires to read any lesson to the other need not be discussed. We are not children. We are mature enough to exchange ideas on any subject we choose.

The first misapprehension will be cleared away when we realize that there is no one Northern, no one Southern, opinion. There is, it is true, a profound determination in the South that race integrity shall be preserved; but this is the conscious expression of an instinct which exists subconsciously elsewhere in the country, and which bursts into conscious expression whenever occasion demands. The mixture of stupidity and intelligence in the expression of this instinct is not sectional, it is about the same in every locality. Apart from this common instinct there is a variety in opinion which is becoming more and more pronounced. The extremists on either side are no longer regarded as representative. This does not mean that distinctions are being erased. It means rather that the old artificial or rather fortuitous distinction between South and North is being supplanted by the truer distinction between the Thinking and the Thoughtless, between the Earnest and the Frivolous, between the Humane and the Brutal.

There are, unfortunately, thoughtless, frivolous, and brutal men North and South. There are also, at least in the North, two other classes which are contributing little to the dissipation of sectional misapprehensions. These two

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classes are the doctrinaires and the commercially minded. These two classes are often supposed to be representative of the North. In the old days they were respectively the revolutionary abolitionists and the slave-traders. They still serve a highly useful purpose as devil's advocates. Is there a movement for the extension of industrial education; one class argues against it as an abandonment of educational ideals, and therefore stirs the sentiment in its favor. Is there a suggestion to endow a university; then the other class, by asserting that what the country needs is not universities but factories, keeps, by the law of contraries, the popular feeling in favor of education keen.

Just as, among many Northerners, the utterance of some Southern demagogue or the editorial of some Southern paper of an ugly breed or uncertain temper is considered as an expression of *the* Southern view, so among Southerners the brutal commercialism of some materialist or the ill-considered threat of the Northern closet philosopher is accepted as *the* Northern view. In this wise an honored writer of the South declared a few years ago, and recently republished his declaration, concerning the North, that "its teachers, its preachers, its writers, its orators, its philosophers, its politicians, have with one voice, and that a mighty voice, been for a hundred years instilling into its mind the uncontradicted doctrine that the South brought the negro here and bound him in slavery; that the South kept the negro in slavery; that to perpetuate this enormity the South plunged the Nation in war, and attempted to destroy the Union; that the South still desires the re-establishment of slavery, and that meantime it oppresses the negro, defies the North, and stands a constant menace to the Union." May I, without offense, characterize this as an example of sectional misapprehension? It is true that there are some people in the North who might accept this formula for "substance of doctrine," though few who would subscribe to every one of its articles. But to say that the North with one voice is saying this, or with one mind even is thinking this, is to mistake the voice of a few for the voice and the mind of the many. Indeed, in the North, as in the South, I believe there are many minds, many voices.

No one, therefore, has the right, least of all have I the right, to speak for the North. It is becoming nowadays to assume to speak only for one's self. Nevertheless, there is a body of opinion which may be said to belong to what Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in the "South Atlantic Quarterly," has termed "The New North." In that term are included all who desire not to abandon their own convictions, but to understand the convictions of Americans in the South, and who will not be surprised or displeased to find that their own convictions and the convictions of the most thoughtful, earnest, and humane people of the South are essentially the same.

It will tend to remove some sectional misapprehensions, I hope, to state certain propositions which, in contradiction to a widespread impression in the South, are considered in this "New North" as by no means strange or foreign doctrine. May I put these propositions in the form of a creed? For I know at least one other Northerner besides myself who holds to them.

With reference to the past:

We believe that not the South but the whole Nation was responsible for the existence of the institution that created Sectionalism; that therefore the whole Nation and not the South alone should bear the burdens which that institution has bequeathed to us to-day.

We believe that, however complicated the conditions were that occasioned the war, the men of the Confederate armies laid down their lives, not to perpetuate slavery, but to settle a controversy that had its beginning before the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

We believe that the so-called Reconstruction Period wrought more for sectional misunderstanding and animosity than all the bitterness of war; that the prime blunder of that period was that the sovereign people of the Nation permitted the Federal Government to base its action on distrust of the theretofore sovereign people of the South.

With reference to the present and

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future, what we believe may be stated in this wise:

Race integrity is to be assumed in any discussion of the problems affecting our country. This does not mean that in the American people of the future there will not be the blood of many peoples. As the English are a blend of Angle, Saxon, Norman, Celt, and ancient Briton, so the American people of the future may well include a blend of English, Teuton, Slav, and Latin. But it does mean that the division of mankind into certain great distinct races will continue in America, so far as we can see, for all time.

This being true, the American ideal must include not only justice to every man, but also justice to every race. In some way these divisional races must be treated as units, and they must be treated fairly. This does not necessarily mean that each race must have an identical experience with every other race, any more than justice to individuals involves an identical mode of treating every individual. If a race is backward, justice demands that public education be adapted to bring it through the intermediate stages from immaturity to full growth. Justice to the race means, too, that every child of that race should, consistently with race integrity, be born into the best possible environment the community can secure. There is a certain kind of heredity that is post-natal. We inherit the English language, we inherit a sound monogamous family life, we inherit a certain communal public opinion that is as much a power as deliberate processes of education. Such inheritance ought not to be distinctive of any one race in America; the safety of our Nation depends upon its being the common possession of all.

But this should be clear, as a Northern man said to me with emphasis: race justice means justice not only to the minority races, but also justice to the majority race; fairness to the negro and the Mongol, and also to the white.

Civil liberty, we also believe, ought, under a democratic government, to be guaranteed to every man, woman, and child; but the right to administer the instruments of government is not a part of civil liberty; this right is limited in every free government. So long as the community observes the principle of justice to the individual and justice to the race, the community, as such, is, as it should be, free to decide how and by whom the government should be administered. In other words, the State has the right to determine, by any mode consistent with justice, what condition and limitations shall be put upon the exercise of the franchise.

In a land where cultivation of justice between man and man and between race and race, where the nature of the communal inheritance and where the character of the government, all depend on the intelligence and efficiency of the people, education is not a luxury but a necessity. There must be, we therefore believe, a revision of the theory of education. The idea must prevail that education is not the bestowal of traditional information, and not even the exercise of certain intellectual powers, but the training of all the faculties. The sphere of education, on the one hand, needs to be enlarged; and the methods of education, on the other hand, need to be more elastic. The man who has been taught how to do but not how to think, or how to think and not how to do, has not been well educated. The popular discussion of "frills and fads" in the public schools of New York City is based almost altogether on a theory of education that needs revision. The distinction between Industrial and Higher Education is a false distinction; there is only one kind of education which is higher than any other; that is the education which enables a life to render the utmost possible service which that particular life can render to the community.

After all, is not the great sectional misapprehension this: that the South is on one side with its own body of opinion and its own problem; and the North on the other side with a different body of opinion and a different set of problems? Sectional misapprehensions will disappear when we all recognize that there are two ideals which are not open for discussion: first, the best practicable development of each individual and each race; and, second, at the same time the scrupulous preservation of race integrity.

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With those two ideals accepted as settled beyond controversy we shall see that the problems, social, political, industrial, and educational, of this land, though they assume different forms in different communities, are in essence identical, North and South. Misapprehensions must needs continue; but they will be individual, not sectional. Problems will continue; but two problems will disappear. The Race Problem will be resolved into an accepted Condition, and the Educational Problem will be resolved into an accepted holy Obligation.

Tibet: The Country and Its People[1]

By H. Addington Bruce

WHATEVER may be the ultimate political consequences of last year's invasion of Tibet by the British, it unquestionably has had as result a notable enlargement of our knowledge respecting that country. The most superficial examination of the literary first-fruits of the expedition makes this very evident. While the more ambitious books that have appeared—the work respectively of Mr. Perceval Landon, Mr. Edmund Candler, and Colonel L. Austine Waddell—are largely occupied with the narrative of the arduous campaign on the Tibetan tableland, they show that their authors were keenly appreciative of the significance of the invasion as an enterprise of discovery and exploration. At first sight it might seem that in three books, each essentially covering the same ground, we were possessed of a superfluity of riches. But investigation discloses that each supplements the others in a very helpful way, the writers, through temperament and opportunity, laying varying stress on different phases necessary to a thorough understanding. It cannot be doubted, however, that of the three Colonel Waddell's "Lhasa and Its Mysteries" is the most comprehensive. Inferior in literary quality to both Mr. Landon's "The Opening of Tibet" and Mr. Candler's "The Unveiling of Lhasa," it deals with the subject more broadly and intimately than either. Nor is this at all surprising, in view of Colonel Waddell's longer acquaintance with the country and its people. He has for years been making a special study of the religion, manners, and customs of Tibet, and has frequently made incursions into the Forbidden Land, these incursions including a bold but of course unsuccessful attempt in 1892 to penetrate to Lhasa. It is thus obvious, not only that the Younghusband-Macdonald expedition, which he accompanied as chief medical officer, held a peculiar interest for him, but that he was exceptionally well equipped to avail himself of the opportunities it offered for research.

Not unnaturally, he opens with a discussion of the factors conjoining to make Tibet so long a terra incognita. "The chief cause," we are told, "has been the political barriers raised by its monks, the Lamas, who are at the same time the rulers, the priests, and the merchants of the country; and who, prompted by their own commercial and clerical self-interest, and their dread of losing their advantageous monopoly by the introduction of Europeans and their methods, have struggled and striven by every means in their power to preserve their isolation." That nature has been of the greatest assistance in the enforcing of this policy of exclusion is the uniform testimony of all who have ventured to defy it, and is fully borne out by Colonel Waddell's spirited narrative of the experiences of the expedition and by his luminous description of the topography, climate, and resources of the country. Indeed, he makes it apparent that, however the sentiments of the inhabitants may change, Tibet must remain very much a land set apart. Put to the test, the political barriers proved woefully inadequate; but the natural barriers—the fearful cold, the piercing

[1] *Lhasa and Its Mysteries: With a Record of the Expedition of 1903-1904.* By L. Austine Waddell, LL.D., C.B., C.I.E., F.L.S., F.A.I. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6, net.

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winds, the barren plateaus, and the bleak passes—well-nigh succeeded where man failed. From all accounts of the invasion, and not least from Colonel Waddell's account, it would seem certain that, had the Tibetans been of a slightly higher order of intelligence, the advance which began with such a flourish must have ended in an inglorious retreat.

Not that Tibet is a wholly undesirable land. The Po district of Lower Tibet, near Assam, is a region of great fertility, as is, though to a lesser degree, the Chumbi Valley, into which the expeditionary force descended after the toilsome passage of the Himalayas. In the Tsangpo Valley, near Lhasa, rich areas of cultivation were also found. "The villages," writes Colonel Waddell, "were pictures of agricultural peace, and the prosperous-looking inhabitants were busy harvesting, reaping, threshing the corn, and building stacks. So populous was this part that I counted over a dozen hamlets within two square miles. The fertility of the fields here was amazing; the wheat, barley, peas, and beans were breast-high, and quite equal to the best English crops, as were also the vegetables." Such fecund spots, however, were so exceptional that the commissariat problem was one of the most serious the invaders were called upon to solve. It is worth observing that almost if not quite the least difficult problem was that of overcoming the armed resistance of the natives. With their ignorance of military tactics and their antiquated weapons, the Tibetan soldiery—to whom an entire chapter is devoted—proved virtually a negligible quantity.

One thing, however, the various "battles" taught the British—that the enemy was not devoid of courage. On this point all the chroniclers are agreed. "The determination, resource, and bravery shown by the Tibetans," declares the Colonel, "should dissipate, once for all, the absurd delusion that the Tibetans cannot fight. Their daring is superb." Simplicity and friendliness were other characteristics revealed to the conquerors. During the armistice at Gyantse small exploring parties rambled for miles through the neighborhood, finding that wherever they went, to the meanest hut or the most imposing monastery, they were kindly received and hospitably entertained. In Lhasa "it was almost always a good-humored, grinning crowd that gathered round us in our shopping or photographing excursions, and smiled in childish pleasure at our lavishness, or stared with open-eyed curiosity at our strange ways, invariably respectful, though never cringing. Seldom was a sullen face seen, except among the Lamas; but many of these would occasionally relax, so as to let a good-natured smile lighten up their broad faces."

Judging from the number and variety of games and pastimes enumerated, the Tibetans appear to be a sport-loving people. But, however strong their inclination, they can have little time for recreation. Yoked by an ecclesiastical feudalism, they are constantly at the beck and call of the Lamas, who are not only their spiritual guides, but their temporal overlords. And in this feudalism lies the key to the mysteries of Tibet—a key which, when turned, as it has at last been turned, reveals none of the esoteric marvels on which rumor has so long battened, but a blighting ignorance and superstition extending from confine to confine of the Roof of the World. Assuredly, Lamaism has erected unto itself some admiration-compelling monuments. Nowhere save in Tibet is there a Potala Palace, a Jo-Kang, a Däpung, Sera, or Gaden Monastery. But in all that makes for material, mental, or moral progress, Lamaism—which Colonel Waddell has exhaustively explored, and which he pungently describes as "a disastrous, parasitic disease which [has] fastened on to the vitals of the land"—shows itself not beneficent but baneful. Visiting monastery after monastery, the Colonel, to whom nothing in Tibet was so interesting as the religion, sought proof of the reputed stores of mystic learning. He found books in plenty, but nothing more noteworthy than translations of and commentaries on the Buddhist scriptures. And even these were seldom read, the most diligently studied being "a few volumes containing more or less unintelligible spells prescribed by the Lamas for the cure of disease and for good luck." His search, however, de-

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veloped the astonishing fact that the illiteracy common to the laity extended to their clerical rulers. In the Pal-kor, the "grand temple of learning" at Gyantse, "not one in twenty or more [of the Lamas] could even write, and only two or three out of a hundred had ordinary intelligence." After this it is not difficult to understand why Tibet has lagged far behind civilization.

Here and there, to be sure, Lamas who could advance well-based claims to learning were encountered. Such a one was the Cardinal to whom the Dalai Lama, on the eve of his hurried flight to Mongolia, intrusted the great seal. An interview with this Cardinal constitutes the subject matter of a most instructive chapter. In this interview Colonel Waddell finally assured himself that, no matter how far he might press his quest of the occult, his efforts would be spent in vain. "Regarding the so-called 'Mahatmas,'" he writes, "it was important to elicit the fact that this Cardinal, one of the most learned and profound scholars in Tibet, was, like the other learned Lamas I have interrogated on the subject, entirely ignorant of any such beings. Nor had he ever heard of any secrets of the ancient world having been preserved in Tibet: the Lamas are only interested in 'The Word of Buddha,' and place no value whatever on ancient history. No Lama, he added, nor even any of the great monasteries in Lhasa, the greatest in all Tibet, possessed, he was certain, any account of the ancient history of India, the land of Buddha himself, beyond such fragments as were to be gleaned from the orthodox scriptures."

But if Colonel Waddell failed to find in Lhasa the "key which should unlock the mysteries of the old world," he found there much of very real interest. Hemmed about by snow-capped mountains, and standing in a broad and verdant plain, surely never was city more fairly situated. Thus is painted the gorgeous panorama that flashed upon the British as they neared their goal:

> On the left is the front view of the Dalai Lama's palace, which faces the east, and is now seen to be a mass of lofty buildings covering the hillside—here about three hundred feet high—from top to bottom with its terraces of many-storied and many-windowed houses and buttressed masonry battlements and retaining walls, many of them sixty feet high, and forming a gigantic building of stately architectural proportions on the most picturesque of craggy sites. . . . On our extreme right, and connected with the Potala hill by the knife-edged ridge, towered the still higher Iron hill, topped by its medical college, and foreshortened from here into a tall pinnacle. Between these two hills stretches out in front the well-wooded, fertile plain of the winding Kyi River, like a fine European landscape, four or five miles broad, and seven or eight up the valley to where a side spur from the mountains blocks the view. In the foreground are numerous orchards, gardens, and parks up to the river bank and between its many channels, and about a mile off the town shows up as a thin white line among the trees, in the center of which shines out the glittering roof of the great "cathedral" with the smaller burnished roof of Ramoché temple; to the left, and further off, at the foot of the hills, Sera, the greatest monastery in Tibet after Däpung; and as a background beyond the green plain, studded over with the white villas of the nobles and little farmsteads, rise on all four sides lofty mountains three thousand to six thousand feet above the plain, penetrated by the white tracks threading straight ahead to China, and to the Tengri Lake and Mongolia, passing by Sera on our left.

Lhasa proper, however, is rather uninteresting, being described as an agglomeration of squat houses set in narrow streets, the one great adornment being the Jo-Kang, or cathedral. But the magnificent structures in the suburbs, with their impressive natural setting and their architectural and decorative beauties, more than compensate for the shortcomings of the city. All of these buildings were, of course, visited by Colonel Waddell. If his descriptions of them lack literary charm, he nevertheless succeeds in conveying very definite impressions. We can only add that here, as elsewhere, intelligent perusal is facilitated by maps and numerous illustrations from photographs, some of which are reproduced by color process; and that the usefulness of his work as a book of reference is appreciably increased by the inclusion of several appendices exhibiting the more purely scientific results of the expedition.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Accomplice (The). By Frederick Trevor Hill. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

A murder mystery treated from a new angle—that occupied by the foreman of the jury. After this foreman (a scholarly, retiring man) has been sworn in, he comes into possession of special knowledge about the case, tries to resign, but is forced to continue, and plays a far more important part in the drama than might be expected. Mr. Hill is notably successful here in making the trial and the skilled strategy of the lawyers real and vivid. In plot and management the story is quite unusual and really exciting. The love story is by no means so good.

Adventures Among Books. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 312 pages. $1.60, net. (Postage, 10c.)

A collection of short essays, most of which have appeared in various periodicals and some of which, like the chapters on "Adventures Among Books" and "Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson," have been widely read and as widely enjoyed. The subjects range from "Mrs. Radcliffe's Novels" and "The Confessions of Saint Augustine" to "The Supernatural in Fiction" and "An Old Scottish Psychical Researcher." They are chips from the workshop of one of the most industrious and capable literary workers of the day, but they cannot be said to have permanent value as literature. They are very high class work of the moment rather than work of a permanent quality. Among the best essays in the book are the charming account of Mr. Lang's early literary tastes and passions in "Adventures Among Books," and his "Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson," which are slight but very sympathetic, and manage somehow to convey an impression of Stevenson's individual and fascinating personality. The volume is to be read in leisure hours; to be picked up at odd moments; and it is a great misfortune that books of this quality and interest should not be substituted for the trivialities which are so commonly used for recreation and rest.

Atala. By Chateaubriand. Edited by Oscar Kuhns. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 120 pages.

At the Foot of the Rockies. By Carter Goodloe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 290 pages. $1.50.

Capital short stories of Canadian military and social life in the Northwest, with Indian customs and superstitions as the background. The tales have originality and force, with the added element of quiet humor. We look for future work of good quality from this writer.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (The): Now First Printed in England from the Full and Authentic Text. Edited by William MacDonald. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7¾ in. 314 pages. $1.25, net.

The latest addition to the admirable books edited by William MacDonald contains three illustrations, one of which, used as a frontispiece, is the well-known and very interesting engraving by De St. Aubin of the portrait of Franklin by Cochin, and a new preface by Mr. MacDonald, the volume being uniform in appearance with the "Life of Cellini" and the "Life of Berlioz," already published. This book, in effect, is made a complete biography by an account of Franklin's later life treated with special relation to the history of his time.

Beating Sea and Changeless Bar. By Jacob Lazarre. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 133 pages.

Bird Life and Bird Lore. By R. Bosworth Smith. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 434 pages. $3, net.

The author lays no claim to scientific knowledge, but he has been a lifelong lover and student of birds, and, as is evident from his book, a keen observer. The observations which he has made of the life and habits of the owl, the raven, the wild duck, the magpie, the rook, and the other bird neighbors of his English home are intensely interesting and not without value as contributions to ornithology. Perhaps the best parts of his book are those in which he has brought together the references to his favorite birds from ancient and modern literature.

Bishop's Niece (The). By George H. Picard. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 208 pages. $1.25.

Boy's Control and Self-Expression (A). By Eustace Miles, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 572 pages. $2, net.

There are valuable ideas and suggestions in this book on the training of boys, but the author attempts to cover so much ground, and does it in so haphazard a way, that it is almost impossible to separate the wheat from the chaff.

Case of Russia (The): A Composite View. By Alfred Rambaud, Vladimer G. Simkovitch, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 387 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

This most recent accession to the ranks of the books called forth by the Russo-Japanese war is a presentation of certain phases of Russian life and history by five writers who have a first-hand knowledge of the subjects they discuss. It comprises: an outline sketch of the successive steps in the expansion of Russia; a brief psychological study of the Russian people; an interpretation of the

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Russian autocratic system; an inquiry into the progress and possibilities of the Slav, and a survey of the religious situation in Russia. As with all "composite views," the effect is in some respects elusive, in others bewildering. When the writers touch on a theme in common, they at times betray divergencies of opinion which it is impossible to reconcile. Nor is the work's usefulness increased by the fact that at least two of the contributions were written some years ago, and give expression to views and predictions which subsequent events have proved incorrect. There is, too, a decided tendency to excessive generalization. But, on the whole, the symposium is distinctly helpful, and especially in the direction of assisting to a clearer understanding of the dominant traits and qualities of the inhabitants of the Unhappy Land.

Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation. By Edith Sichel. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 329 pages. $3, net.

That historians and novelists have not exhausted the possibilities of the life and times of the terrible Florentine Queen Mother is strikingly demonstrated by this study, by which the gifted author of "Women and Men of the French Renaissance" has once more placed under a lively obligation lovers of the romantic and the picturesque in history. Her "Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation" is a subtle analysis and vivid presentation of the personalities and ideas of the reigns of Henri II. and François II. If Catherine occupies the center of the stage, just as she dominated the period, she by no means obscures the host of noble and ignoble figures which left varying but ineffaceable marks on the France of the Reformation—from Catherine's rival, Diane de Poitiers, to the poet Ronsard and the artist Palissy. Not always does the writer convince, but she always stimulates, lending a fresh interest to the most faded theme. That Catherine was as evil as posterity has been wont to regard her, but that she was not exactly the type of evil-doer painted by tradition; that every evil deed she committed may be ascribed to her overweening desire to reign; and that the failure of the Reformation in France was not due to her and the Guises, but to the national character, are the main contentions advanced and ably supported. It should be added that the story of Catherine's career is carried only so far as the futile Council of Ploissy; but a hint is conveyed that in a subsequent volume it will be continued.

Church of the Fathers (The): Being an Outline of the History of the Church from A.D. 98 to A.D. 461. By Rev. Leighton Pullan, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 452 pages. $1.50.

This is a well-arranged and lucidly wrought introduction to the study of the important period it covers, and may be heartily commended to beginners in Church history. The inner life of the Church and its outward fortunes, its relations to heathenism and to heresy, the development of its organization and doctrine, its law and worship, its social life and missions, are treated in freedom from a dogmatic and sectarian spirit, and in the light of the most recent studies.

Complete Writings of Charles Dudley Warner. In 15 vols. (Backlog Edition.) Edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. The American Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn. 6×8½ in.

Reserved for later notice.

Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay (1778–1840). Edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. Vol. V. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 524 pages. $2.50, net.

The fifth volume of this very satisfactory republication covers the years between 1791–1802. The successive volumes as they appear confirm the favorable impression made by the initial volumes in this edition. It is a reprint of the fullest existing text of the Diary and Letters; it is enriched by nearly two thousand brief foot-notes, and contains a large number of illustrations, including photogravure portraits of many of the best-known literary people of Fanny Burney's time, with autographs and views of many localities mentioned in the letters. The value of this edition is greatly increased by the complete general index in the last volume, each volume having its own index as well. On the mechanical side the edition leaves nothing to be desired, while on the editorial side Mr. Austin Dobson has brought thorough knowledge and the sympathetic appreciation which has made him so much at home in writing on the eighteenth century.

Elements of Psychology (The). By Edward L. Thorndike. A. G. Seiler, New York. 5×8 in. 351 pages.

Fenris, the Wolf. By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 150 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of the New England Church, Chicago, June 13th and 14th, 1903. Published by the Church, Chicago. 6½×9½ in. 76 pages.

Fleeing Nymph and Other Verse (The). By Lloyd Mifflin. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 91 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Following the Sun-Flag: A Vain Pursuit Through Manchuria. By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 189 pages. $1.25, net.

The author went to Japan as a war correspondent, and found nothing to write of but the doings and grievances of his companions and himself, Japanese tea-houses, geisha girls, and wrestlers, and the untrustworthiness of the word of Japanese officers. Doubtless there was some ground for the resentment felt by many of the correspondents at being kept in Tokio when they wanted to go to the front. But it is hardly possible that all Japanese officers are liars; and other correspondents have proved that there were many things to describe, even far from the front, that threw light on the marvelous war methods of the Japanese and showed the

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thorough character of their preparations. It goes without saying that a book by Mr. Fox is well written.

Friends of England (The). By Hon. George Peel. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 260 pages. $3.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Gold in the Gardens of Araby. Translated by Izora Chandler and Mary W. Montgomery. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 230 pages. 75c., net.

History of Ancient Sculpture (A). By Lucy M. Mitchell. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6¾×10 in. 766 pages. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

James Watt. By Andrew Carnegie. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 241 pages. $1.40, net.

In a frank prefatory note to this biography of the inventor of the steam-engine, Mr. Carnegie at once disarms criticism, calls attention to the very real bond linking him with his hero, and prepares the reader for an original study. As he puts it: "When the publishers asked me to write the Life of Watt, I declined, stating that my thoughts were upon other matters. This settled the question, as I supposed; but in this I was mistaken. Why shouldn't I write the Life of the maker of the steam-engine, out of which I had made fortune? Besides, I knew little of the history of the steam-engine, and of Watt himself, and the surest way to obtain knowledge was to comply with the publishers' highly complimentary request. . . . I now know about the steam-engine, and have also had revealed to me one of the finest characters that ever graced the earth." After this, it is out of the question to expect a biography adding aught to the fund of available information concerning Watt. Mr. Carnegie, indeed, contents himself with bringing out the main facts of Watt's life. But into the biographical narrative proper he weaves—and herein lies his book's significance—a lucid exposition of a common-sense philosophy of success, drawing from a rich store of experience to emphasize the lessons taught by Watt's career. It is impossible to follow him in the many digressions through which his philosophy is voiced, but its essence is contained in these words: "We note that this taking of infinite pains, this forearming of himself, this knowing of everything that was to be known, this note of thorough preparation in Watt's career, is ever conspicuous. The best proof that he was a man of true genius is that he first made himself master of all knowledge bearing upon his tasks." Mr. Carnegie has written a really helpful book, and one which is especially helpful to the young man entering into life's battles.

Justin Wingate, Ranchman. By John H. Whitson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 312 pages. $1.50.

As the title indicates, this is a Western story. By turns analytical and dramatic, it includes several interesting character studies, and depicts lively incidents in local politics (connected with the conflict between ranchman and farmer), a prairie fire, a cattle stampede, and a train hold-up.

Lady Noggs, Peeress. By Edgar Jepson. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 306 pages. $1.50.

Lady Noggs, properly called Lady Felicia Grandison, is the small niece and ward of a Prime Minister, whose peace of mind is continually disturbed by pranks and escapades of the most extraordinary nature. As one follows these exploits, his attitude becomes entirely sympathetic toward this much-enduring statesman, and the "Dear! dear! how very tiresome!" with which he meets each crisis. Modern English fiction furnishes many examples of the genus *l'enfant terrible*, but if we except Tinker and his sister Elsie, other youthful members of the British aristocracy brought into the last of this from another book by the author, we do not recall anywhere quite so impossible a child as Lady Noggs. A background romance between the governess and the secretary is engaging and real by way of contrast.

Land of the Pigtail (The). By Mrs. Bryson, of Tientsin. Illustrated. The Sunday School Union, London, England.

Lunatic at Large (The). By J. Storer Clouston. (Authorized Edition.) Brentano's, New York. 5×7½ in. 219 pages. $1.

Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow. By Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 109 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Man on the Box (The). By Harold MacGrath. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5½×7¾ in. 208 pages.

Mirabeau and the French Revolution. By Charles F. Warwick. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8½ in. 483 pages. $2.50, net.

This is the well-written story of the most extraordinary character of the most extraordinary scene in the drama of modern history, the storm-center of that scene till his death. Mr. Warwick has made effective use of the best authorities in his account both of the tragic scene and of the masterful actor.

Norsk Nightingale (The): Being the Lyrics of a "Lumberyack." By William F. Kirk. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 66 pages. 75c., net.

Newspaper readers are familiar with some at least of these quaint "lyrics," for they have been quoted from one end of the country to the other. Faithful Norsk-English dialect, Western slang, cleverness in rhyme and structure, and the odd incongruity of familiar stories put in a queer form—all help to make the poems amusing in a new fashion.

Port Arthur: A Monster Heroism. By Richard Barry. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 344 pages. $1.50, net.

The author was with the Japanese army before Port Arthur for several months from the beginning of the siege. He gives a series of vivid pictures of Japanese methods of warfare, of life in the besieging trenches, of the characteristics of the Japanese soldier and his commanding officers. He makes the

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reader realize the almost insurmountable task before the Japanese army, the wonderful ingenuity, patience, courage, and foresight with which they set about accomplishing it, and the awful conditions in the later stages of the siege, when it was impossible for either side to rescue their wounded, and men went into each fight with the probability before them of a lingering death between the trenches, without hope of help from their comrades.

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals. By Frederick Morgan Davenport. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 323 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Publisher's Confession (A). Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 176 pages. 60c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Renaissance of Methodism (The). By J. W. Mahood. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4½×6½ in. 80 pages. 25c., net

Russian Literature. By P. Kropotkin. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 341 pages. $2, net.

The distinguished author of this study of Russian literature delivered a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston, which he has elaborated for publication. He confined himself to the writers of the nineteenth century, and at the outset met with a substantial obstacle. The fact that only three or four Russian writers are translated into English, and that, consequently, the many are absolutely unknown to us even by name, demanded courage and enthusiasm in their representative. Overcoming difficulties, however, the lecturer proved his claim that Russian literature is a rich mine of original poetic thought. All the pent-up energies of that intellectual people must find vent in literature, as other avenues—politics and active participation in their country's government—are closed. We know Gógol, Turguéneff, Tolstoy, and Gorky well, but of the host of others whose influence is clearly recognized in Russia we know little or nothing. Beginning with Pushkin, after a luminous chapter upon the richness and beauty of the Russian language, the author leads us among poets, dramatists, writers of powerful fiction, and a class defined as folk-novelists, each one of whom has some especial claim upon our consideration. We linger with Turguéneff and Tolstoy; we learn of the Russian malady of *Oblomoffdom;* we look through Russian eyes upon the drama, and understand the Russian conception of humor. We comprehend the reason of Gorky's influence in his revolt against the weakness of the "intellectuals" and his vigorous support of modern realism, strongly tinged with fatalism. The school of Russian critics is made known to us, and the present drift of literature is pointed out. For all of which, for the quickened interest we feel, we owe a debt of gratitude to Prince Kropotkin, the lover of Russian literature and its admirable interpreter.

St. John's Fire: A Drama in Four Acts. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace E. Polk. The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 6×9¼ in. 108 pages.

Another translation of Sudermann's drama which has recently been played in New York City, and which was translated a few months ago.

Serena. By Virginia Frazer Boyle. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.50.

A story of the South during the Civil War, thoroughly provincial. The plot turns upon the cowardice of the twin brother of the heroine. The latter takes her brother's place in the Confederate army, leading his deserted men to victory. This is the one blot upon Southern chivalry in the tale, while the author evidently holds that both civilians and soldiers north of Mason and Dixon's line were knaves and coarse mercenaries.

Shakespeare's London. By Henry Thew Stephenson. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 357 pages. $2, net.

Deserving of high praise from two points of view—in that the study of London in Elizabeth's day has been carefully and accurately worked out, and in that the description is eminently readable and entertaining. John Stow's ancient Survey has been freely drawn upon and supplemented by other chronicles. The author tells us that his design was primarily topographical, and involved manners and customs incidentally; but the reader rejoices that he did not follow this rule too closely, and will look with interest to the publication of a second volume devoted wholly to the second topic. The book is notably well printed and is carefully illustrated.

Shoes that Danced (The). By Anna Hempstead Branch. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 201 pages. $1.10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Short History of Venice (A). By William Roscoe Thayer. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 355 pages. $1.50, net.

Whoever would obtain a vivid picture of the one-time glories of the Venetian Republic will here find them painted by an enthusiastic hand; but he who seeks a dispassionate, well-rounded, nicely balanced account of the rise, decline, and fall of that republic must turn elsewhere. The spirit, aim, and limitations of the work are luminously revealed at the very outset. The decadence of Venice, Mr. Thayer declares impatiently, "offers nothing peculiar to her; whereas her growth and prime were truly characteristic. By these she should be judged; just as the greatness of Imperial Rome should be judged by the achievements of Julius and Augustus and the Antonines, and not by the failures of the Valentians. Assuming that for the most part decay explains itself, my purpose in this little book is to set forth the greatness of the Venetians." Unfortunately, this book has obvious shortcomings even when regarded merely as a eulogy. To say nothing of the rash generalizations common to eulogies, it suffers from obvious misstatements

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even from self-contradictions, and from a peculiar discursiveness—a constant stepping aside to indulge in not always well-advised comparisons and in expressions of personal opinion concerning non-Venetian topics of latter-day interest. Nor can it be described as well written, as it is burdened by a diction which is a curious admixture of floridity and commonplace, with an occasional lapse into slang. In short, it is open to criticism in almost every essential respect.

Story of Fatmah and Other Tales of Village Life in the Holy Land (The). By Jennie Street and Sorella. The Sunday School Union, London, England. 5×7½ in. 193 pages.

Tides of the Spirit: Selections from the Writings of James Martineau. Edited by Albert Lazenby. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5×8 in. 198 pages. $1.

Twenty-Four Negro Melodies. Transcribed for the Piano by S. Coleridge-Taylor. With a Preface by Booker T. Washington. (The Musicians' Library.) The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×13 in. 127 pages. $2.50.

It happens that the most eminent negro musical composer—indeed, the only one of any eminence—is a Briton, a native of London. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor—who will not complete his thirtieth year until next August—has gained already a very creditable place among the minor composers of the present. He is well grounded in technique, and he expresses himself with freedom. Although in inventiveness his range seems so far rather limited, he is spontaneous and genuine in what he writes. His best-known work is his musical setting of portions of "Hiawatha" for chorus, soloists, and orchestra. In this series of piano compositions—they are more than transcriptions—he has taken as themes a number of negro melodies. Seven of them are of the primitive folk-music of Africa, one is the Bamboula of the West Indies, the rest, sixteen in number, are plantation songs of the American negroes. His treatment of them is interesting, but it is essentially European in its method. One cannot help suspecting in many of these pieces the influence of Grieg. The effect is not always congruous. It was, nevertheless, highly worth while for this gifted man to pay this tribute to the musical genius of the race to which he belongs. Dr. Booker T. Washington writes a preface giving an appreciative biographical sketch of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, and an interesting interpretation of the negro folk-song. The composer himself in a foreword explains with brevity and dignity his purpose in this work, which was to do for these melodies of his people "what Brahms has done for the Hungarian folk-music, Dvořák for the Bohemian, and Grieg for the Norwegian."

Tyranny of the Dark (The). By Hamlin Garland. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 439 pages.

This has a new groundwork, "Spiritism," for a melodramatic love-tale, which leads through thrill and death to the inevitable happy ending. The confidently drawn *entourage*, Colorado and the great mountain and valley of Colorow, and finally New York, with four characters outlined with vigor, make a book of more than ordinary power to hold the reader.

William Hickling Prescott. By Harry Thurston Peck. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 186 pages. 75c., net.

Dr. Peck's study of Prescott is divided into two parts—an account of the historian's personality and career, and a criticism of his writings. Other things being equal, this arrangement is obviously calculated to insure the interest of a well-sustained narrative, and a lucid exposition of the essentials necessary to a correct understanding of the subject, and it is pleasing to find that both of these fundamental requirements have been met to a creditable extent. The biographical portion proper—which is largely based on Ticknor's "Life," and the Prescott letters published therewith—gives evidence of careful preparation, and is a sympathetic, compact, and attractive presentation of the story of the historian's life. Now and again Dr. Peck allows an access of enthusiasm to overpower his judgment, but, as a rule, he is discriminating. His chapters of criticism are especially interesting, by reason of an earnest attempt to exhibit the results of modern research as affecting the historical value of Prescott's works. All of the earlier historians have suffered to a greater or less extent from recent investigations, and Prescott is no exception to the rule. This Dr. Peck cheerfully admits, but he contends, despite the numerous errors that have been exposed, and to many of which he calls attention, that "though historical science has in many respects made great advances since his death, his work still stands essentially unshaken. He had the historical conscience in a rare degree; one feels his fairness and is willing to accept his judgment."

Witness to the Influences of Christ (The): Being the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1904. By the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 180 pages. $1.10, net.

Whoever has read any book by Bishop Carpenter is likely to feel an appetite for another, nor will any such one be disappointed in this volume. The vision in the Apocalypse of the angel with the open book, who stands with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, symbolical of the book of life as understood only through contact both with the hard facts of the outward world and the deeps of consciousness, gives the line of thought that runs through these lectures. This shows the double attestation which Christ receives; first, in the outward witness that he is the world's ideal; next, in the inner witness of souls who have found in him their emancipator. The first fact historically exhibits a law of soul progress; the second is verified in incontestable individual experiences. A happy combination of poetic feeling and logical clearness characterizes the entire argument.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Errors About Alaska

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Misstatements regarding Alaska are frequent in current literature, but it is surprising to find so careful an investigator as Mr. James Bryce falling into the common error. Mr. Bryce, in his article entitled "America Revisited: The Changes of a Quarter-Century," published in a recent number of The Outlook (April 1, page 850), while discussing as "an absolutely new departure" the recent acquisition of non-contiguous territories by the United States, makes, in a foot-note, the following astounding statement:

> Alaska is, of course, an exception; but an exception rather apparent than real, for this vast region is inhabited only by a few savages, and is not likely ever to support a population large enough to make its government a matter of political consequence.

According to the last census, Alaska has a total population of 63,592, of which 30,493 are whites and 29,536 natives—*i. e.*, Indians and Eskimos. It is hardly just to class even the natives as "savages," for among them are the most civilized Indians on the continent. The industrious, self-supporting, and self-respecting natives of southeastern Alaska are further removed from savagery than many of the negroes of our Southern States, or even the peasantry of some European countries. While there are no statistics bearing on this subject, an intimate personal knowledge of the country leads me to believe that fully fifty per cent. of Alaskan natives can be classed either as civilized or semi-civilized.

So much for the natives. As for the whites, they include some of the best blood of our land, and represent the same pioneering element, so typically American, which a century ago swarmed over the Alleghany front, crossed the Mississippi, and finally reached the Pacific coast. This same fearless enterprise has pushed our frontier into Alaska, and has now at Bering Straits reached the western extremity of the continent. A city of several thousand inhabitants, equipped with electric lights, railway, telephone, and telegraph, has been built close to the Polar Sea and but two hundred miles from Siberia.

Though Alaska's population includes some foreigners, especially Scandinavians, yet it is essentially American in its enterprise, ambition, and perseverance. Probably only communities with American ideals could have survived and prospered under the misgovernment which has been meted out to them. Alaskans are essentially law-abiding citizens, and not a few of their shortcomings are directly chargeable to ill-advised legislation at Washington, or to the maladministration of officials sent out to enforce the laws. Though Alaska's white population is greater than that of Hawaii, yet it has no voice in the making of its own laws, every detail of its administration being determined at Washington, over five thousand miles away. Hawaii and Porto Rico have their Territorial Legislatures, and even the Philippines have some measure of self-government; yet these men of our own flesh and blood are told that they are not fit for self-government. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that a foreigner should take it for granted that they are "only a few savages."

The white population of Alaska is, for the most part, concentrated along the Pacific seaboard and the Seward Peninsula, where the rich gold placers are being developed. The fact that there are large uninhabited areas in the Territory should not lead to the statement that the entire Territory is given over to savages. Canada embraces hundreds of thousands of square miles of barren ground, which will be uninhabited, save by the fur-hunter, for ages to come. Ottawa, the capital of Canada, has a far severer climate than Sitka, the capital of Alaska. The mean annual temperature of Sitka is higher than that of Helsingfors in Finland, or of Christiania in Norway. Finland has no advantage over Alaska, either in climate, soil, or other natural resources, yet it maintains a sturdy population of nearly three million souls.

Nor is Alaska so inaccessible as is sometimes made to appear. Even in midwinter a journey from Nome, at that season the most inaccessible of its settlements, to Washington can be made in probably half the time required for Representatives to reach the Capital from California at the time it was admitted as a State. In summer any settlement in Alaska can be reached from Puget Sound by a journey varying from two days to two weeks.

Perhaps the most striking refutation of Mr. Bryce's statement is to be found in the published statistics of Alaskan trade. The following table indicates the values of merchandise shipped from the United States to non-contiguous possessions during the year 1904:

Alaska	$11,108,004
Porto Rico	11,425,478
Hawaii	10,844,574
Philippine Islands	5,063,390

It will be noted that Alaska is second only to Porto Rico in the value of her imports from the United States. This is not the whole story, as will be seen in the following

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table, which gives the values of the imports, including gold and silver, to the United States from the non-contiguous possessions:

Alaska	$19,655,911
Hawaii	25,339,305
Porto Rico	12,837,701
Philippine Islands	10,225,338

That is to say, in the value of her exports to the United States, Alaska is second only to Hawaii. Lest the uninformed might be led to believe that these values represent furs, it must be noted that the fur trade is almost a thing of the past, for its annual product is worth less than half a million dollars.

It would appear, then, that the "few savages" with which Mr. Bryce has peopled Alaska are purchasing annually over eleven million dollars' worth of goods in the United States, and are sending in return over nineteen million dollars' worth of product.

There are many other facts that could be marshaled to prove the error of Mr. Bryce's statement, should further evidence be necessary. The mere existence of such assertions by this distinguished economist proves how far the American people during the past decade have been occupied with the "white man's burden," to the neglect of duties toward our northern province.

ALFRED H. BROOKS.

Washington, D. C.

Missions in Harput

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The fundamental aim of Modern Missions is to plant self-supporting and self-propagating churches. This was the first care here in Harput. A good share of the twenty-five churches organized here became self-supporting before the terrible events of 1895. Every church had a fearful experience at that time, and all have been greatly weakened by death and emigration.

Forty-six years ago a Theological Seminary was established here. The education was very primary, but it raised up a band of faithful laborers, who at the first were teachers as well as preachers, and whose schools were the first in the region that were worthy of the name. With the general growth of intelligence among the churches the standard of scholarship was raised. The Seminary was reorganized last September with ten regular members, after an enforced suspension of ten years.

The educational system in this field has had a slow but healthy and normal growth. First the desire for education had to be created. Female education was an unheard-of thing. Common schools according to modern methods and with modern text-books have multiplied, so that there are few villages where there is not a school of some sort. These have prepared the way for high schools, and these created a demand for a college. The first class graduated from Euphrates College in 1880, and the members of that class propose to celebrate their quarter-centennial at the coming college Commencement. The Female Department of the College was organized three years later. This institution embraces every grade, male and female, from the kindergarten up. The whole number of pupils in all the grades the last term was 856. Of these 470 were males and 386 females. The college proper had 136 pupils—78 males and 58 females. There are 43 teachers—35 native and 8 foreign. This College has a very important mission in this country. It is the only institution of this grade east of Marsovan and Aintab, until you come to Persia. It is not only educating a large number of young men and women, and preparing them for usefulness, but it is giving a stimulus to education among all classes of the community, except, perhaps, the Koords. It has recently opened an industrial department which is sure to be very useful.

The massacres of '95 left a large number of helpless orphans, and their needs presented a call that could not be resisted. Some were sent to Constantinople, some to Smyrna, and others to Brousa, but the great mass of them were left among us homeless, so we were obliged to gather them into orphanages. Kind friends in England and America sent funds which enabled us to take under our care in different centers nearly 1,200 of these waifs, while the Germans have more than 500, and two Danish Sisters have some 30 or 40 more. As our own orphanage work was out of our ordinary line and was designed to be temporary, we have prepared the older ones for self-support as fast as possible, giving them a common school education, and teaching them trades by which they can earn a living, while those who seem to be especially fitted for teaching are either in the college or are looking forward to a college course. More than half of the teachers in the village schools are orphans, but they will return for further study and others will take their places. Nearly half of those who were originally under our care have left us, having friends to care for them, or now having acquired the ability to care for themselves. Weaving and rug-making are altogether new industries here. Almost all the other trades of the country are taught, and the orphans will have a share in the industrial department of the College.

All these departments of work which I have mentioned require time and money. We who are on the ground are cheerfully giving our time. Are we presumptuous in thinking that the friends of humanity, and especially those who bear on their hearts the extension of the kingdom of God, will as cheerfully put into our hands the funds that are necessary? There is also a medical department here, and a hospital is essential, and also a nurse. The hospital needs for its founding at least $5,000, and only a small part of the money is in hand.

Here are inviting opportunities for "paying investments." May we not hope that the knowledge of the opportunity will bring a response? HERMAN N. BARNUM.

Harput, Turkey.

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The ranch comprises about four thousand acres; has excellent water facilities, two reservoirs, is within six miles of a post-office, and is capable of sustaining from five hundred to one thousand head of cattle. Hay and Alfalfa are now being raised profitably thereon. It is very desirable property for pleasure or profit.

Address

Ranch, 151 E. Lake St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Ideal Colorado mountain home, with 40 acres of most beautiful, varied, and healthful surroundings, especially indicated for invalid. There are also 12 summer cottages. The winters are mild, and summers cool. Good income on absolutely safe investment. $12,000. Work and expenses light. Location near Colorado Springs. Investigate this. Particulars and references given. Box 108, Palmer, Colo.

CONNECTICUT

FOR RENT or SALE

Attractive Farm Home

ANDOVER, CONN.

House furnished; 12 rooms; everything modern, bath, furnace, etc. Good air, water, and shade. Near beautiful river; boating and fishing; nice drives; large barns; icehouse full of ice. Address Box 111, Andover, Conn.

FOR SALE—In pleasant village of Huntington, Conn., 3½ miles from Derby and Shelton, beautifully situated summer (or permanent) home; old fashioned salt-box house, recently refitted; good barn; up-to-date chicken house; picturesque mill pond; 5 acres land. Apply to owner, Rev. H. L. EVEREST, Huntington, Conn.

For Rent—June to September

Lakeville, Conn.

In the Berkshire Hills

Ideal location; air bracing; extended view; 800 feet above sea level; large modern house, on edge of attractive woods, within three minutes' walk of beautiful lake. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, golf. Will rent to private family only. For further particulars address
Box 215, Lakeville, Conn.

CONNECTICUT

PLEASANT OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, furnished, to rent for the summer. Photographs on application. Address Box 27, Colchester, Conn.

Litchfield, Conn.

Handsome country house for rent, season 1905. No malaria; no mosquitoes; thoroughly modern; large grounds, good garden.
Apply to ELBERT P. ROBERTS.

TO LET Completely furnished cottages at **WILLOW POINT,** on **MYSTIC RIVER,** three minutes from depot, post office, and trolleys. Delightful place to spend the summer. Address L. A. MORGAN, Mystic, Conn.

FOR RENT—Two Furnished Cottages, 13 and 5 rooms, situated on

Islands 12 miles east of NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Excellent bathing, boating, fishing. Pure air and plenty of it. No malaria. Address
86 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

PINE ORCHARD.—Furnished cottages at this beautiful resort; all modern improvements; 2 cottages with eight bedrooms each. F. C. BRADLEY, Pine Orchard, Conn.

SHARON, Litchfield Co., Conn.—To let for one or more years, a commodious, well-built house, commanding beautiful views. Fifteen rooms, abundant closets, bath, laundry, water closets, furnace and fireplaces. Address GILBERT L. SMITH, Sharon, Conn.

DO YOU WANT

A BEAUTIFUL HOME by the SEA

Address M. D. RANDALL, So. Norwalk, Conn.

TO RENT, either furnished or unfurnished, for season or term of years,

A MODERN HOUSE IN STAMFORD, CONN.

Less than five minutes' walk from station; ten rooms, besides halls and two bathrooms; deep lot, with garden and stable. Most desirable portion of town. Terms $1,200 per annum. Address Stamford, No. 8,643, Outlook.

To Let, June 1st to November 1st, Cottage of 14 rooms on

Darling Hill, Stonington, Conn.

1½ miles from R. R station; 3¾ hours from New York (Shore line). All improvements; water; bath; furnace. Fully furnished excepting silver, bed and table linen. Carriage house and stable for four horses. Location unsurpassed, commanding an unobstructed view of L. I. Sound and ocean from New London to Block Island. Rent $700.
Apply to **SAMUEL DOUGHTY,**
810 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

TO RENT WASHINGTON, CONN.—A furnished residence with all modern improvements; 7 bedrooms. Address Mrs. HAMILTON GIBSON.

MAINE

FURNISHED COTTAGES To Rent
Heron Island, near Boothbay, Maine. Shore and woods, comfort and pleasure. $100. F. N. THOMPSON, Greenfield, Mass.

On the Maine Coast

For rent for the summer of 1905, "Breeze Hill," a modern summer cottage at
CAMDEN, MAINE
on high ground, convenient to the village, with fine views of the Camden Hills and the waters and islands of Penobscot Bay; well-appointed Golf and Tennis Club within easy access; living room, dining room, kitchen, eight bedrooms, two bathrooms, laundry, hot and cold water; cellar with furnace; electric lights and telephone; fully furnished for summer life. Address GEORGE H. TALBOT, Real Estate Agent, Camden, Maine.

MAINE

FOR RENT—TWO COTTAGES AT

Camden, Maine

THE BALSAMS.—Near the water, with fine sea and mountain views; nine bedrooms, bath, toilet on first floor, wide piazza, running water, telephone, electric light; fully furnished with the exception of linen, blankets, and silver. Pier on the place, two minutes' walk from golf and tennis club.

OVERLOOK.—Situated on a hill, with beautiful views of bay and mountains; wide piazza, ten bedrooms, bath, toilet on first floor, running water; fruit and fine shade trees, stable; fully furnished with the exception of linen, blankets, and silver. Adjoining golf and tennis club. For particulars, photograph, and plans address
GEORGE H. TALBOT, Camden, Maine,
or J. B. HAINES,
1012 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila.

CAPE ELIZABETH, ME. To Let
A NEW COTTAGE, fully furnished, now nearing completion, at Ottawa Park, one of the finest spots on the Maine Coast, all modern improvements; very near the water; $350 for season. Address Miss A. E. JOST, 16 Shepley St., Portland, Me.

SEASHORE LOTS

Cousins Island, Portland, Me., beautiful for situation; every one guaranteed usable and as described; five minutes to P. O., ten minutes to wharf, and from 100 to 500 ft. from the water (front lots reserved). First 100 lots, 65x80 feet, will be sold to people with satisfactory references at $50 each; or blocks of six lots for $200. Shore front lots, 65x100 to 150 feet, $200 each
Address JOSHUA T. NOWELL,
42 Court St., Boston, Mass.

ON THE FIRST MILE OF THE

MAINE COAST

To rent for the summer, furnished modern houses, nine to sixteen rooms and bath, perfect drainage, high service water. Magnificent location, overlooking both ocean and harbor, convenient to trolley and railroad. But two hours from Boston. Address S. E. JENNISON, General Manager, Kittery Point, Me.

To Let for the Season of 1905 at

North East Harbor

MT. DESERT, ME.

A furnished cottage of twelve rooms and bath. Open fireplaces. Address
J. D. PHILLIPS, South West Harbor, Me.

NORTHEAST HARBOR

Mount Desert, Maine

Several desirable summer cottages to rent for the coming season. For particulars apply to JEROME H. KNOWLES, Real Estate Agent, Northeast Harbor, Maine.

Northeast Harbor, Maine BEAR ISLAND

TO RENT—All not occupied by light-house; furnished cottage, bathroom with hot and cold water, boathouse with two sleeping-rooms, icehouse and man's quarters. Ten minutes' row from Clifton House landing.
WILLIAM H. DUNBAR,
161 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Orr's Island, Me. Two furnished cottages to let for season; 8 and 10 rooms. Ocean view; water piazzas, fireplace. COOMBS & ALLEN.

Eight miles from Portland—To Let for Season—Well furnished cottage of seven rooms, with fireplace and fine piazza. Situated near sandy beach.
M. H. HAASE, Newton, Mass.

PROUTS NECK, ME.

6 Thoroughly Furnished Modern Cottages Open fires and plumbing; perfect water and sewer arrangements; fronting open ocean on rocky bluff, woods behind. Rentals $1,200 to $450. ARTHUR B. HOMER, Quincy, Mass.

Prouts Neck, Maine.—Furnished cottage, 8 rooms and bath. Broad piazzas on three sides. Fine situation, close to sea commanding view entire length Old Orchard Beach. Two minutes' walk from Checkley House. CHARLES K. HINKLEY, Gorham, Me

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THE OUTLOOK REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT

MAINE

Corner of living-room, which is 36 x 21. See *Outlook of May 13 for general view of camp.*

FOR SALE OR RENT

At Sebago Lake, Me.

Rustic with modern comforts; gas; bathroom; open plumbing; 3 large field stone fireplaces; 6 chambers, room for 6 more; icehouse, gas-house, hot air pump house; 1½ acres land. Completely furnished. Built in 1903 for private use. Personal reasons for selling. Price $5,000; rent $500. Photos and description sent. H. B. COE, 135 Emery St., Portland, Maine.

MAINE, Close to Ogunquit Beach Commodious summer cottage (unplastered), with wide piazzas, open fireplace, seven sleeping-rooms. Good rowing, sailing, fishing, a stone's throw from the house. Surf bathing, three minutes' walk. Hotel and P. O. near at hand. $200 for the season. References. Box 275, Leicester, Mass.

SEAL HARBOR, MT. DESERT MAINE **Desirable Furnished Cottages,** large and small, to let for the season. Address
G. L. STEBBINS, Seal Harbor, Me.

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.

A FINE ESTATE on Somes Sound, Mt. Desert Island, directly opposite North East Harbor, for sale or to rent for the season. An attractive house; hardwood floors; two open fireplaces; seven or eight beautiful rooms. Piazza 12 feet wide. Five acres covered to the water's edge with spruce and fir trees. Long avenue. House and barn completely hidden by forest except from the water. Superb view of mountains, sea, and islands. The best water privilege for boating on the sound. No flats at lowest tide. Wooded path leading to the float. Address
S. W. DOWNS, Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass.

YORK HARBOR, ME. Several finely furnished cottages to let; good location. Prices, $250 to $1,000. W. J. SIMPSON.

Old Farmhouse For Rent

On southern slope of big hill, pretty view; fruit and shade trees, fir and pine woods; 20 minutes' walk to pond, good fishing; fine rooms, open fires. Board at nearby farmhouse if desired. $50 for season. MISS CHAPMAN, 122 Free St., Portland, Maine.

MARYLAND

GLAMORGAN

Beautiful Place in the Alleghanies

For sale or rent, furnished, at Deer Park, Maryland; B. & O. R. R.; altitude 2,500 ft.; eleven rooms and 5 bathrooms, billiard-room, furnace, 8 open hearths, gas; icehouse full; spring water inexhaustible; garden planted; fuel; ample stabling; no mosquitoes. Without any incumbrance. *Apply to Owner,* Box 2,072, Middle City Station, Philadelphia.

Maryland and Virginia Farms

and quaint old Colonial Homes. Catalogue free. SOULS, Washington, D. C.

MASSACHUSETTS

ANDOVER—FOR SALE

Corner house, 12 rooms and bath (7 bedrooms), furnace, three open fireplaces. In best part of town; near academies and convenient to everything. Address E. B. Hutchinson, 8 Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE OR RENT

HULL HILL, BOSTON HARBOR

An 11-room, completely furnished cottage; electricity, furnace. Seven sleeping rooms, wide piazzas, beautifully located, magnificent view. W. H. TOBEY, 173 Newbury St., Boston.

To Let for Summer Season

New 11-Room House

Furnished; all modern conveniences; near Joe Jefferson's estate. Good bathing. Also a 16-room house, furnished; all modern conveniences; fine view of bay, and located on Joe Jefferson's estate. Address Postmaster, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

CAMBRIDGE **Furnished House** Near colleges; best locality; 13 rooms, piazza; airy, sunny. 5,891, Outlook.

TO LET AT CAPE COD 11-room cottage and 9-room cottage, furnished. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, golf. Address J. G. CASH, Harwich Port, Mass.

CAPE COD **Furnished House,** 10 rooms. Rent $175 for season. Four open fireplaces. Large studio. Fruit and flower gardens. Near shore. Address V. D. BACON, Barnstable, Mass.

CAPE COD, near Hyannisport To let, Furnished Cottage, five bedrooms. In the Pines; close to fine bathing beach; good fishing and boating. Rent $250. Address
HEMAN DOWD, 135 Broadway, N. Y.

CAPE COD

BEAUTIFUL NORTH CHATHAM

Over an acre. Fine bluff on water's edge. 1,000 feet perfect beach. Ten-room house, fully furnished. Broad piazzas. $500 Morris Heights launch, sailboat, skiffs. Rights in barn, windmill, water tank, sanitary sewage system. Running water in kitchen and w. c. Not far from P. O. and depot. Ideal for minister's or teacher's family. First check for $2,000 takes it all.
REV. G. W. KENT, Providence, R. I.

CAPE COD.—*To let, furnished cottage.* Seven chambers; hot water; fine bathing; pines; charming views. Miss MARY BRADLEY, 374 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

Cape Cod **Near Hyannisport Furnished Cottage** Modern improvements; located on bluff fronting sea, pine woods and lake behind; six sleeping rooms, large piazzas, ample supply of running soft water, hot and cold; double bathhouse on perfect bathing beach. $400. June 1st to Oct. 1st. C. A. GROVES, 303 Main St., East Orange, N. J.

FOR SALE

FINE SEASHORE RESIDENCE

Green Harbor Beach, Duxbury, Mass.

Handsomely furnished, complete. Lot 180 ft. front on ocean (can be divided). Sea-wall, sandy bathing beach; no mosquitoes. House in complete order. Modern conveniences. Interior finish select Georgia pine. Pure spring water piped through house. Stable, 3 stalls, on another lot. Can sell without furnishings or stable. Great inducement on price below value. Apply NORTON BROTHERS, Attorneys, 519 Mooney Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Gloucester, Mass. Seashore Cottage **THE ELDORA**—$150 for the season, furnished, or will sell. EVERETT LANE.

MASSACHUSETTS

GLOUCESTER

TO LET—12-room summer house, nearly new, complete furnishings even to table and bed linen and silverware; beautiful ocean view, near fine bathing beach, extensive grounds; very convenient to livery, depot, and electrics. Rent $600. Box 355, Gloucester, Mass.

TO RENT **At East Gloucester, Mass.,** a furnished cottage of 11 rooms; modern; near hotels. For particulars address Mrs. DAVID W. LYLE, 278 E. Main St., Gloucester, Mass.

TO RENT IN

Great Barrington

Several Furnished Houses for the season or by the month in this village.
Prices from $75 to $500 per month. Also half a dozen houses to rent, furnished, by the month or season just outside of the village. Prices from $40 to $150 per month. Address H. C. WOODIN, Great Barrington, Mass.
Telephone call 18—2.

Berkshire Hills **Great Barrington, Mass.** FOR RENT, furnished house; modern improvements; beautiful grounds, shade trees, woods; ten minutes' walk from P. O. $800 four months. Barn accommodates 3 horses. Address Box 868, New Haven, Conn.

FURNISHED HOUSE **To Let for Summer** **In Holbrook,** 15 miles from Boston; 11 rooms, bath, stable, one acre of land, beautiful shade trees; electrics pass, making connections with all summer resorts in S. E. Massachusetts. *$300 till Oct 1, 1905.* Address CHARLES B. WHITCOMB, Holbrook, Mass.

KENBERMA, HULL.—To Let— Beautiful modern furnished houses on the ocean front in the most desirable part of Kenberma. Finest location on the New England coast. Ocean and bay views; corner houses, 11 to 13 rooms, bath, exposed plumbing. Large piazzas on all sides. Furnaces, electric lights, hardwood floors, and all modern conveniences. Telephone Main 5,146. CHARLES S. GOODING, 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

MARION, MASS. Cottages and rooms to rent for the summer. **All prices.** WILLIAM A. ANDREW, Insurance and Real Estate.

FARMS IN NEW ENGLAND

Illustrated circular free upon receipt of address P. F. LELAND, 21 Minot Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PLYMOUTH

I offer for sale a completely furnished summer home, situated in Plymouth, Mass., three miles from the center of the town, overlooking river and ocean. House contains: First floor, reception-room with cozy corner, open fireplace, dining-room with open fireplace, large pantry, kitchen, refrigerator-room, toilet-room, all finished in hard wood, floors with rugs; second story has five chambers and bath, carpeted with Japanese matting; in attic, three chambers. Broad piazza. Has been built but a few years; handsomely papered and finished; stable has accommodations for three horses. Three acres of land with abundance of fruit trees. This is a rare opportunity for one looking for a choice home. For further particulars address F. M. HAUTHAWAY, 346 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

PLYMOUTH, MASS. Furnished cottage for season; 300 feet front on fine beach; 5 bedrooms, running water, large piazzas. A. T. SKERRY, Jr., 47 Leonard St., N. Y.

SHEFFIELD VILLAGE

BERKSHIRE HILLS

New, furnished house to rent, $75 per month.
A. F. HOWES, Sheffield, Mass.

FOR SALE OR RENT—NEAR

Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Hills

A Fine Farm and Country Home, or will rent 10-room house, furnished; modern conveniences. No. 8,617, The Outlook.

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MASSACHUSETTS

Williamstown, Berkshire Co. MASSACHUSETTS

Thoroughly Furnished Cottage for rent or sale; 14 rooms, 2 baths; trees, piazzas; near fine golf course; good water. Address Owner, P. O. Box 827, Washington, D. C.

WINTHROP, MASS., by the Sea—Summer Cottages and Winter Houses for sale and to rent. LYMAN S. MESTON, Insurance and Real Estate.

To Let—Furnished Cottage

Eight rooms, in the **HEART OF THE BERKSHIRES.** One Hundred and Fifty Dollars for the season. High ground; no objectionable surroundings. Built for owner's use four years ago. Ten minutes' walk from station. Four hours from N. Y. Address or call, OWNER, 779 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Southern New Hampshire

Are you looking for a beautiful estate to rent for the summer, fully furnished and complete in all its appointments? If so, address for particulars H. H. Belden, Amherst, N. H.

TO RENT

CANAAN STREET, N. H.

An attractive, well-furnished cottage; 7 rooms; piazza; near lake. Address E. N. BURLEIGH, 93 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.

CHOCORUA, N. H.

Wide View of Beautiful Lakes and Mountains

New house; open plumbing; seven bedrooms; loggia; cool. Absolute seclusion, yet near hotel. Delightful society; easy housekeeping. Photos. Rent $600. G. H. PAGE, Toxteth St., Brookline, Mass.

Camp to Rent—8 rooms furnished. Ice and wood. On shore of Asquam Lake. Apply to DR. HUNTINGTON, Newport, R. I. **Holderness, N. H.**

JAFFREY, N. H.

DR. ELIZABETH C. KELLER offers for sale or rent her summer residence, completely furnished, situated on crowning hill of town, within one mile of Mt. Monadnock; site selected for its sanitary and health-restoring conditions; bathing and boating at Thorndike lake, five minutes' walk; 11-room house, fireplaces and furnace, all modern conveniences, ample piazzas, well 400 feet deep, supplies water in effect like Poland; stable, carriage and icehouse, etc.; 10 acres of land, garden all planted, berries, hay, etc.; could be occupied at once. Address E. C. PERKINS, 5 Seaverns Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OVERLOOKING

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

2,200-Acre Estate. A Great Summer Resort

300 acres farming land can be divided into 400 house lots. Estimated 200,000 cords wood and several million feet of hard and soft lumber. 100-acre pond, with trout brook running 2½ miles through the property. Farm buildings, sawmill, machinery, 80 h. p. boiler, 50 h. p. engine, 50 h. p. water-wheel, and a mica ledge. One mile from Twin Lake and Twin Lake Hotel, and three miles from Lake Sunapee. Also new 10-room house, opposite Twin Lake Hotel, within 2 minutes of Twin Lake. All modern improvements, completely furnished, open fireplace. Price for all, $19,500. Address P. O. Box 2,271, Boston, Mass.

Lake Sunapee, N. H.

FOR SALE

On the New London side of Lake Sunapee,

HANDSOME, ROOMY COTTAGE

Beautiful view; lot runs to shore; five chambers, servant's room, bath, fireplace, large attic. 80 feet of broad piazza overlooking lake; small stable. One of the most attractive places on this lovely lake.

CHAS. E. GIBSON, 131 State St., Boston, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

TO RENT Modern Summer Home

Summit of Bunker Hill St., in Beautiful White Mt. Village

Ten rooms (furnished), bath, furnace; stable; pure spring water; excellent view of White Mts.; pine woods near; 7 miles from Waumbek Hotel. Photo on application.
L. G. BAILEY, Lancaster, N. H.

NEW CASTLE, N. H.

To Let, furnished, the Hackett Cottage. On the ocean front; salt water bath. JOHN SISE & Co., 3 Market Sq., Portsmouth, N.H.

WHITE MOUNTAINS

To let, furnished cottages, fronting Pequawket Lake and Presidential Range. Piazzas, open fireplaces, bathing, boating, bass and trout fishing. Rent $250. Inquire of
JOS. A. NESMITH, Lowell, Mass.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.—For Sale, 9 room cottage, stable and garden. ⅓ mile to station, on high ground, good view, good water, good drainage, price right. Address W. H. Bailey, Whitefield, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

Absecon Highlands, N. J.—Only $150 and up, 5 acres, easy terms. Overlooking Atlantic City. Send for booklet. Gilbert & O'Callaghan, 243 B'way, N. Y. Room 20.

BAYHEAD, N. J.

Cottages for rent, 5 to 11 bedrooms, furnished; artesian water; sea bathing, sailing, rowing. On Barnegat Bay. Address JULIUS FOSTER.

Bloomfield—For Sale

Frame house, 10 rooms and bath. All improvements; in best part of town; 3 minutes to station; convenient to everything. Possession in 60 days or sooner. Address NATHAN RUSSELL, Bloomfield, N. J.

CULVERS LAKE, Branchville, N. J.—Furnished cottage (new), $125 for season. 9 rooms; running water. Write owner, W. D. HAGGERTY, Sussex, N. J.

FOR RENT, FURNISHED
June 15 to October 1. Desirable residence in
GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

Seven bedrooms, two baths, well shaded lawn. Apply P. O. Box 93, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Morristown, N. J.

For Rent for the Summer, 12-Room House

Nicely furnished; seven minutes from station. Reasonable rent. H. HALL, 10 Perry St., Morristown, N. J., or 100 William St., N. Y.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Gentleman's residence in wealthy neighborhood, on best avenue; 35 minutes from N. Y.; house 17 rooms, hardwood, open plumbing; city gas, water, and sewers. Large stable; garden and beautiful lawn; shade and fruit trees; macadam driveways. Owner, TUTHILL, 50 Pine St., New York.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Several high-class, strictly up-to-date new houses in beautiful **Marlboro Park** for sale or rent. Steam, gas, electricity, hardwood floors, sanitary plumbing. $7,000 to $12,000. Rentals $600 to $960. Near "Park Street" (Erie) Station, school, etc. Refined surroundings. Choice building plots. MONTCLAIR REALTY CO., 153 Watchung Ave.

Rent, Furnished, for Summer

Nine-room modern house; moderate rent. Address PARSONS, 89 Elm St., Montclair, N. J.

TO RENT FOR SUMMER, a Modern House, charmingly situated, convenient to station, to adult family. Address 6 Washington Place, Morristown, N. J.

GLENSIDE PARK

Furnished Cottages, with board at Club House. Cottages $125-$175 for season. Hour from New York; golf.
T. A. MOLLOY, Murray Hill, N. J.

NEW JERSEY

Cool, Airy

Six rooms and bath, first floor, quiet suburb. 40 minutes from New York. To let, furnished, July, August; reasonable rates. Mrs. FOSTER, 340 Seventh Ave., Newark, N. J.

PRIVATE SCHOOL

For Sale—With equipment and large, well-established business. Apply to E. P. HYATT, First National Bank, Paterson, N. J.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS

FOR SALE:
Camps on the Saranac Lakes.
Attractive Camp Sites on Lake Placid.
FOR RENT:
Desirable furnished cottages in the village of Saranac Lake. All improvements.
GEO. V. W. DURYEE, Real Estate
Bank Building, Saranac Lake, New York

ADIRONDACKS

Furnished cottages to rent from $200 to $400. Address E. M. CRAWFORD, Keene Valley, New York.

Adirondacks

Keene Center, N. Y. To rent, a well-furnished cottage, eight rooms, large piazza, pleasantly situated; good spring water. Meals furnished if desired. BYRON MOODY.

Babylon and West Islip, L. I.

Attractive furnished cottages to rent from $300 up. Desirable property for sale. Express Station. Catalogues. JEREMIAH ROBBINS, Babylon, L. I.

BELLPORT, Long Island, on Great South Bay. To let for season, Cottage, 10 rooms and bath, nicely furnished, large piazzas; fine yard. $600. Cottages, $200 to $1,000
VUNK & WEIDNER, Bellport, L. I., N. Y.

FOR SALE

REAL ESTATE. Well located in Brooklyn, N. Y. 8,529, The Outlook.

CATSKILLS

Big Indian Mountain For sale or rent, furnished cottage; bathroom, open fireplaces, stable; trout fishing; photos, particulars. Apply at 397 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EASTPORT

Near WESTHAMPTON

New modern house; improvements; 8 acres. Finest of boating, bathing, fishing, driving. Ten minutes' easy walk to depot Will rent cheap by year. Also cottage at Amityville. CHAS. E. STRONG, 48 Franklin St., N. Y. Tel. 4258 Franklin.

For Rent, furnished, desirable summer home, pleasantly situated, at Gloversville, N. Y.; golf and tennis near. For particulars address Box 668, New Britain, Conn.

COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE of the late Wm. A. Jordan, Columbia County, to rent furnished for the season. Bordering on Claverack Creek, 10 minutes' drive from city of Hudson; pleasant drives, beautiful view of the Catskills, good fishing, boating, vegetable garden and stable if wanted. Ready May 15th. Terms very reasonable. Address
GILBERT E. JORDAN, Hudson, New York.

LAKE GEORGE

Furnished cottage near Silver Bay. Boathouse and boat. $150.00 for season. Address Mrs. C. E. WYCHOFF, 71 Hillside Place, Newark, N. J.

LAKE GEORGE.—Furnished Cottage for rent among pines; wide piazzas, modern conveniences; detached laundry; icehouse filled; dock, boats. Plans, photos RANDOLPH, 3 Washington Square, N.Y. City

Rare Chance GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY SEAT

Sound; 200 yards private beach; 12 acres, shady grove. 11 rooms, furnished; piano. Terraces, lawns, fernery, fruit, kitchen garden. Grand piazza. Beautiful secluded location. Bathing. Boating. Fifty miles out. $300 season. MERKEL, Miller Place, L. I., N. Y.

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NEW YORK

FURNISHED FARM HOUSE—Improvements. To rent from June 1. Hour of city. Reasonable. Address Mrs. GARLOCK, Box 93, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

A Furnished House
FOR RENT

June 15 to September 15: unusually roomy, six large sleeping-rooms; open plumbing; very cool in summer; wide verandas; lot 125x210 feet; profusion of trees, shrubs, and vines; good tennis court; located at Mount Vernon, N. Y.; *five minutes' walk from* N. Y., N. H. & H. station. Price for season, $400. Address W. P. JONES, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR SALE or RENT

3 houses in the village of **New Paltz, N. Y.** 9 to 13 rooms with modern improvements. A. D. RELYEA or E. HARP.

Onteora-in-the-Catskills

A very attractive club settlement. Free from all objectionable features. For list of cottages still unrented apply to FROTHINGHAM & MOORE, 51 Liberty St., N. Y.

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

is in **New York City** and only 8 miles from 34th Street and Broadway. I have beautiful homes for sale for cash or reasonable terms. Write for particulars. FRED PHILLIPS, Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

FURNISHED COTTAGE
With 10 Acres. At Smithtown Bay
ST. JAMES, LONG ISLAND

To Let Large House and Stable, in perfect repair; hot and cold water supply; *water front; vegetable garden*; fine fruit and shade trees. Rent, $1,000 per year. Address **VAN NORDEN TRUST CO., Trustee, 786 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

SAGAPONACK, L. I., N. Y.

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage, 18 rooms; modern improvements, $550. A. G. TOPPING.

Elegantly Furnished Residences

to rent in **SARATOGA SPRINGS** and **BALLSTON SPA** during the summer. WEST & KOONZ, Box O, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Attractive House
TO LET FOR 16 MONTHS

(Owner going abroad.) Walking distance from ferry. Beautiful water view. Terms reasonable. Apply at house, 20 Central Ave., Tompkinsville, Staten Island, or 135 E. 15th St., N. Y.

A Country Paradise
HARLEM ROAD

Less than hour. New modern house; 3 baths; 60 acres. Magnificent view. $31,000. COOLEY & WEST, Inc., White Plains, N. Y.

30 Years Selling
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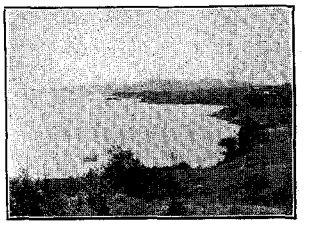
PROPERTY ONLY

Farms, Residences, Cottages, Hotels, Stores, etc., **everywhere. Catalog Free. Owners** wishing to sell call or write. **PHILLIPS & WELLS, 93 Tribune Building, N. Y.**

Two Beautifully Furnished Cottages

with every improvement, 9 and 8 bedrooms, to rent for the season at **Crystal Brook**, Port Jefferson Station, L. I. R. R. Large porches with fine view of the Sound. Address BURRITT, 415 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



View from Dining Room looking south—down Penobscot Bay. The cottage stands on a rocky, partly wooded point 30 feet above the water, just half-way between Camden and Belfast, Maine. On one side, the roaring waves; on the other a peaceful cove with bathing beach—a snug harbor for the boats. The cottage neatly furnished. Ice-house and wood-house are filled, and all is complete to step right in. It has 12 rooms and bath, with sparkling running water from adjacent spring. There is also a delicately furnished little "retreat" of two chambers, 500 feet away, built in the woods overlooking the beautiful bay and mountains. The surroundings are restful, rural, and idyllic. Rental includes 2 sail-boats and 3 row-boats. Address CHAS. DISSEL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA

For Rent—New Farm House, furnished, in Pocono region; 9 rooms and bath; spring water; large piazza; plenty of shade. M. S. LEARN, Cresco, Pa.

Summer Home
of DR. LOTT
Mt. Pocono, Pa.

On Swiftwater Road, near The Montanesca and Trinity Church
FOR RENT

14 rooms, 2 bath and 2 extra toilet rooms. Completely furnished. Ample grounds. Stable. Icehouse. Write for further particulars and terms to Dr. LOTT, 4001 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

COTTAGE AT Mt. Pocono, Pa.

Ten rooms and bath; completely furnished. One of the finest locations on the mountain; 5 minutes from station; 2 acres of lawn and garden enclosed by stone wall. Icehouse filled ready for use. Rent $400 for season. Address Dr. BATTEN, 232 E. 11th St., New York.

For Sale or To Rent A furnished cottage at **MT. POCONO, PA.,** 3½ hours from New York by main line D., L. & W. R. R. Invigorating air, pure water, delightful walks and drives. R. H. DODD, 372 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

VERMONT

DORSET, Vt. Near Manchester-in-the-Mts.
Small furnished cottage to rent. H. F. PRENTISS, 49 Dey St., N. Y. City.

TO LET
AT WINDSOR, VT.
Near Cornish, N. H.

House of 12 rooms, fully furnished; stable 4 stalls; 50 acres of land, more or less; electric lights and excellent water supply. Apply to D. STEWART, 36 Lincoln St., Boston.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport, R. I. **Furnished Cottages**
Ocean front; combines seashore and country. Rent or sell; moderate prices. Plans and photos of E. B. HALL, 53 State St., Room 642, Boston.

FOR RENT
A Furnished Cottage with 7 bedrooms at
HAVERSHAM, R. I.

one mile from Weekapaug Inn, R. I., for either a half or the whole of the Summer, at reasonable rates. Apply with references to HOWELL CHENEY, South Manchester, Conn.

Watch Hill, R. I.
To Rent, Well-furnished Cottage

3 stories; 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, laundry, 2 porches; 200 ft. on street and on Bay, with dock. Rent $1,000. M. S. S. WILLSON, 2226 Spence St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RHODE ISLAND
WATCH HILL COTTAGE
FOR SALE

One of the largest and best constructed of the many fine cottages at this easily accessible (only four hours from New York, two from Boston) and popular shore resort, is offered for sale because of death in the family.

Magnificently situated on a high hill with extensive grounds. The view of the Atlantic Ocean, Long Island Sound and Little Narragansett Bay is unsurpassed and can never be cut off.

For *full* particulars write

FRANK W. COY,
6 High Street, Westerly, R. I.

To Rent near WATCH HILL, R.I. A beautiful place, nicely furnished; bathroom, all conveniences; private dock and stable; splendid view. Photographs. PALMER H. LANGDON, 61 Beekman St., New York.

SUMMER CAMPS

NEW YORK, Adirondacks
Mt. Pleasant Camp for Boys
In the Adirondacks.
For particulars, address
MT. PLEASANT ACADEMY, Ossining, N. Y.

MEDOMAK CAMP
For Boys. Washington, Maine
July 6 to Aug. 31, $75. Tutoring extra. Personally supervised by grammar masters of experience, yet young enough to enjoy boys. Booklet of Frank E. Poland, Dover, N. H., or Walter H. Bentley, Haverhill, Mass.

SUMMER CAMP FOR GIRLS—WHITE MTS., N. H.—Tutoring, French, German, literature, sewing, basketry boating, tennis; conducted by member woman's club near Boston. References exchanged. (Mrs.) B. E. HUNTON, Newton Centre, Mass.

Indian Lake Camp Summer camp for boys in the Adirondacks. For information apply to A. D. McINTOSH, Watertown, Conn.

(For other Summer Camp announcements see last advertising page preceding cover.)

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THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

The rate for notices in this Department is Five Cents for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days before the date of The Outlook in which you desire the Want to appear. Answers may be sent in care of The Outlook (count four words for the address) and will be forwarded to you if postage is paid.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

A.—The services of a lady, of good education and breeding, are desired by a gentleman and his wife, to co-operate with them in the care and education of their two daughters, now respectively 2½ and 4 years old. The children have a nurse, who performs the manual labor of taking care of them physically, but the purpose of this advertisement is to find a person whose principal duty it will be to direct the development of their minds and manners intelligently, and whose presence will surround them with an atmosphere of refinement. As it is especially desired that the children shall at an early age acquire a fondness for music, an intelligent knowledge of that art is requisite on the part of any proposed incumbent; and it is also desirable that she should be able to speak reasonably good French. A comfortable home will be provided and a reasonable remuneration will be paid to a lady who can satisfactorily fill the position. As no one will be employed except after the fullest investigation, it is essential that complete references be submitted in response to this advertisement, which may be made by mail only. Applicants applying in person will not be seen. Address R. R. Coats, 82 Beaver St., New York City.

WORKING housekeeper wanted. Middle-aged American or English woman, experienced in all work of nice house, superintending servants, sewing, preserving, &c. Competent and willing to take part in any household duty. 1,383, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman to assist in care of small children. Please write fully, give references and state salary expected. 1,379, Outlook.

WANTED—A working housekeeper of experience for a Fresh Air Home. Apply Jacob A. Riis Settlement, 48 Henry St., New York City.

EXPERIENCED manual training teacher desires change for next year. References. 1,382, Outlook.

AN educated, refined, and experienced young woman desires position as useful companion at home or to travel. Highest references. 1,324, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 30, desires summer position as companion, tutor, household assistant. Experienced. Good camper, traveler. Miss Southwick, Delhi, N. Y.

SOPHOMORE in Cornell University wishes outdoor engagement during vacation; companion or tutor to boys. Is familiar with camp life. City reference. 1,325, Outlook.

WANTED—By refined lady, position as housekeeper or companion to young lady. References exchanged. Mrs. W. C. N., 327 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

PRINCETON junior, excellent standing, character, and health, desires tutoring during summer. Will travel. Robert S. Walker, 90 Wall St., N. Y.

EDUCATED woman, experienced teacher and governess, desires position, now or fall. Capable taking entire charge. Nature work, primary methods, mathematics. Travels, 1,333, The Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate and experienced teacher desires position as instructor in Latin, Greek, or mathematics in boarding or preparatory school. Wife willing to be housemother. 1,334, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of refinement wishes a position as companion from July 1 to September 1. 1,335, The Outlook.

EDUCATED woman, fond of children and experienced therewith, desires position in day nursery or other charitable work for children. 1,287, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, college graduate, would tutor during summer. English, classics, history, mathematics. Best references. 1,337, Outlook.

JAPANESE chef and steward wants position in country with teacher or minister. Good reference. C. Herbert, Cos Cob, Ct.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires to form a class of six to eight children, from seven to twelve years, to teach and to keep them occupied during the morning, in or near New York. Moderate rates. References. 1,339, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate desires position as tutor for summer. 1,342, Outlook.

TWO preparatory school masters, expert tutors, will take four boys to quiet Canadian resort. Best references. 1,177, Outlook.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

YOUNG woman, undergraduate Toronto University, wishes position as companion or governess for summer. References exchanged. E. Hildred, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

WANTED—By healthy widow, position as companion or companion-housekeeper in private family; would travel; unexceptionable references. 1,346, Outlook.

SEVERAL energetic Amherst College men, good students and athletes, highly recommended by President and Faculty, wish summer positions as tutors or traveling companions for boys. Address John H. Safford, Sec'y, Y. M. C. A., Amherst, Mass.

A German lady of culture and refinement, experienced teacher, good pianist, speaking French fluently, desires position as teacher or companion, or to chaperon young girls for study and travel abroad, as she is an experienced traveler and has repeatedly taken young girls abroad. Highest references. 1,361, Outlook.

VASSAR graduate, experienced teacher, desires position for fall as teacher in private school or family. Best references. 1,355, Outlook.

WANTED—By an experienced woman, Pratt Institute training, position as dietitian or housekeeper. 1,357, Outlook.

WANTED—By Normal graduate, position for summer as companion. 1,350, Outlook

A lady desires position for her French governess, who is competent to teach and care for young children. Address Mad. P., Wyncote, Pa., Box 31.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires summer position in mountains as governess or tutor of children. References. 1,362, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, several years' experience with deficient children and kindergarten work, desires position as mother's helper or will take charge of children. 1,371, Outlook.

TEACHER wishes summer engagement as tutor. College preparatory history and mathematics. Miss Gibson, 142 West Mt. Pleasant Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia.

CAPABLE and refined young woman desires position as nursery governess or companion to children. Willing to take entire charge. 1,368, Outlook.

WANTED—As nurse in small private sanitarium, young American Protestant woman with experience in mental diseases. 1,369, Outlook.

BARNARD graduate, thorough knowledge French and German, good English style, wishes translating or magazine work; or position as tutor, governess, companion, or secretary during summer. Best references. 1,375, Outlook.

TUTORING, by student, Yale, '06. Previous experience—grammar, preparatory, and college subjects. Familiar with Berkshires, Catskills, Adirondacks. Write immediately. 357, Yale Station, New Haven.

WANTED—An experienced housekeeper for a large private hospital. One qualified to teach invalid cooking in training-school preferred. Address Dr. G. A. Blumer, Providence, R. I.

EXPERIENCED woman wants matron's or housekeeper's position in September. Large school or institution. 1,367, Outlook.

WANTED—By a college instructor, tutoring or secretary work at Narragansett Pier after June 15. 1,356, Outlook.

YOUNG Englishman from Oxford desires pupil home evenings. Typewriting and secretarial work also solicited. 1,348, Outlook.

HARVARD graduate, class of 1903, successful teacher in a preparatory school, wishes to tutor this summer. 1,353, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as teacher of French in private school. References. 1,209, Outlook.

ATTENDANT nurse desires position with invalid going to mountains for summer. Address Nurse, 249 Huntington St., New London, Conn.

INSTRUCTOR in mathematics desires tutoring during summer. Would travel. Leon Clarke, Winsted, Conn.

COLLEGE preparatory teacher desires engagement, June 5th to September 21st, as traveling companion, secretary, or tutor in Latin or English. Address Miss M. A. A., 312 Stratford Avenue, East End, Pittsburg, Pa.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

LANGUAGE professor, speaking French, German, Italian, Spanish, seeks engagement as interpreter, courier, traveling secretary. Experienced. Very best references. 1,248, Outlook.

WANTED.—A teacher holding an important position would like to take some place of responsibility during the summer, charge of home while family is away, chaperoning at home or abroad, tutoring, or any kind of duty requiring careful responsibility. Miss W.R.F., 1,257, Outlook.

FAMILIES, institutions, schools, and summer hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc, address Miss Richards, 48 Lloyd Ave., Providence, R. I.

ESTABLISHED fifty years. The best Teachers Agency. Have you consulted? If not, do it now. Schermerhorn, 3 E. 14th St, N. Y. City.

TEACHERS wanted for fall vacancies. The best positions are filled early. Send to-day for information. Dixon Educational Bureau, 1420 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

STENOGRAPHERS, AMANUENSES, LIBRARIANS, ETC.

IN June—A position as secretary by experienced stenographer, outside of New York City. References. 1,344, Outlook.

MANUSCRIPTS typewritten; rates reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Typewriting wills a specialty. Accuracy guaranteed. Charles H. Tate, Troy, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ON account of serious illness of its owner, the most prominent weekly newspaper and printing establishment of its kind in the country is for sale. Property located 75 miles from New York in an aristocratic town of 5,000. Annual profits $4,000. Business established 40 years and requires only a man of intelligence and education to manage it Price $15,000. Excellent opportunity to increase profits. Apply to George S. Daniels, Attorney, 34 Nassau St., New York.

MAN with $15,000.00 to $25,000.00 can secure good investment and position. Must be experienced office man. 1,378, Outlook.

A manufacturing business can be bought for $15,000. Annual earnings about $15,000 Long established. Proprietor is aged. Desires to retire. 1,359, Outlook.

BUSINESS SITUATIONS

COLLEGE man wanted for a New York Company. Excellent opportunity to learn the businsss. Salary $1,200. Managerial, clerical, and salesmen positions on file. Write for list. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, N. Y.

AN office manager and treasurer needed by metal manufacturing company. Require $20,000 investment. The company's stock has earned as high as 50% dividend.

HARVARD graduate student wishes occupation for summer as clerk, agent, or secretary. Experienced teacher. 1,328, Outlook

HOTEL.—Wanted, any position seashore hotel by bright German, 24; fully acquainted with English. Highest references. 1,343, Outlook.

PRINCETON student, entering senior year, desires employment for summer. Musical; fond of boys. 1,340, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as private secretary. Vassar graduate, teacher, stenographer. Miss Morss, care J. T. Hurd, 206 Broadway, New York.

EMBROIDERERS wanted on infants' cashmere sacques and wrappers, knitters on drawer leggins, sacques and bootees. Home work to experienced hands only, who can do fine work and furnish commenced or complete samples showing the work they can do. Reference required, no deposit. Call on or address R. R. Barringer, 16 E. 13th St., New York.

WANTED—A domestic science graduat of experience to teach ladies' classes in a branches of cooking, and assist superintendent in diet kitchen and other work. The person required must be interested in furthering good work rather than high salary. Address E. F. G., Business Manager, 324 State St. Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Literary man of high ability for encyclopædia work. Address, stating experience, X. Y. Z., 1,374, Outlook.

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BUSINESS SITUATIONS

WANTED—Three or four men as general agents for a new publication to be issued in June. Must be thoroughly posted in selling small books and know how to handle men. State experience and locality desired. For further particulars address the publishers, C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield, Mass.

POSITION wanted for a college educated woman, thirty years old, of pleasing presence and good business ability. Best of references, 1,365, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

LEARN to write advertisements; you can earn $25 to $100 per week. Send for prospectus. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

A French gentleman, 32 years old, married, belonging to a family of pastors and professors, speaking English, a graduate of the University of Paris, the author of two books and a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, seeks a professorial engagement in an American college or other educational institution. He offers the highest references and may be addressed care Dr. Migot, Rue Sedaine 6, Paris, France.

PIANOS for summer renting in New Hampshire. Choice lot of fifty. Order early. Prescott Piano Company, manufacturers, Concord, N. H.

HISTORIANS' History, Morley's Gladstone, Audubon's Birds and other books at large discount to close estate. 572 Marshall St., Milwaukee.

WOMAN physician will accompany patient abroad or to health resort. Experienced foreign traveler. Speaks English and German fluently. 1,331, Outlook.

WANTED—Re-engagement, by lady experienced in traveling in Europe, as chaperon or companion. Address Miss Buckler, 1309 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

MISCELLANEOUS

PHILANTHROPIC persons desirous of assisting by gifts of clothing, household goods, money, or in any way, poor, refined widows who try but cannot earn money enough to properly care for themselves and children, please address M., 1,358, Outlook.

KINDERGARTEN Music. Summer class June 21. Correspondence lessons. Address J. A. J., 505 Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass.

WANTED.—A teacher wishes to spend summer at White Sulphur Springs, Va. Would chaperon, or tutor, or meet some responsibility in order to meet a part or all of summer expenses. Address Miss Warren, 1,256, Outlook.

UNPARALLELED success. The game "A Study of Shakespeare." Price 50 cents. Indorsed by best authorities. The Shakespeare Club, Camden, Me.

WILL take convalescing patients and invalids to quiet seaside resort. Twelve years' experience in private hospital. References. Nurse, 1,354, Outlook.

DISTINCTIVE typewriting. Very low rates. 1,377, Outlook.

SHOPPING—Samples sent. Orders filled promptly. Suits and hats to order. Highest references. M. W. Wightman & Co., 44 West 22d St., New York.

KINDERBEASTS (H. O.) wanted. Would like to buy a camel, rhinoceros, horse, or rabbit. Write and state what ones you have and price desired. 07, Outlook.

LIMITED party of boys to camp in Catskill Mountains. Healthful, wholesome life, athletics and sport. H. E. Little, Poultney, Vermont.

A teacher will receive into her home, after June 1st, a boy or girl whose parents or guardians wish a refined home in healthy locality, where exceptional care and training may be secured. 1,329, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

NERVOUS or invalid patient, medical or surgical, will receive personal care in physician's home; elevated site overlooking Sound. Most accessible but secluded, beautiful walks and drives. 1,222, Outlook.

WANTED.—A teacher who wishes to spend summer at White Sulphur Springs, Va., wishes to chaperon, or tutor, or meet some responsibility in order to meet a part or all of summer expenses. Address Miss Warren, 1,256, Outlook.

HOMEMAKING a profession! Illustrated booklet on request. Synopses of correspondence courses in Hygiene, Sanitation, House Planning, Decoration, Management, Cookery, Dietetics, Dressmaking, Nursing, Children; for home-makers, teachers, professional women. American School of Household Economics, Armour Ave., Chicago.

SUPERINTENDENTS, principals, teachers: Summer School Philosophy, Oakland, Maine. Birch circular.

OLD mortgages on Kansas land will be looked up and report given. Write J. U. Brown, Hutchinson, Kansas.

INTERNATIONAL Incinerators solve sewage and garbage disposal problems of private residences, summer homes, camps, schools, factories, etc. Representatives wanted. Early applicants can secure favorable exclusive contracts. International Incinerator Co., 650 Prudential Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

"MRS. BAGG'S Bargain Day," "Mrs. Tubbs's Telegram," 25c. each. Royalty plays. Highest endorsements from women's clubs, schools, church organizations, etc. K. McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass.

DO you realize how easy it is to market your ability? Our national organization can present your qualifications to over 12,000 employers who call on us for men. Write us to-day, stating position desired. Hapgoods, Brain Brokers, Suite 511, 309 Broadway, N. Y.

News-stand Sales

Readers of The Outlook who desire to purchase copies of The Outlook from newsdealers, and who fail to find the paper on sale, will confer a favor on the publisher if they will send the names and addresses of the dealers who in their judgment should have a regular weekly supply.

The Outlook Company

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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IN THE MOUNTAINS

of Orange, Sullivan, Ulster and Delaware Counties, N. Y., on the New York, Ontario & Western Ry.

If you are seeking a SUMMER HOME for your family in a region of absolute HEALTH AT MODERATE COST, 2,000 feet above the sea, with pure air, pure water, pure milk, no malaria or mosquitoes, and within Three Hours' Ride from New York—a country heartily recommended by physicians—then send 7 cents for postage to the undersigned or call and get free at offices below, the SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "SUMMER HOMES," of 135 pages. It gives a list of over 1,000 Hotels, Farms, and Boarding Houses, with their location, rates of board, facilities, attractions, etc. Vacation Bureau at 425 Broadway, N. Y.

IN NEW YORK—141, 165, 425, 1354, 1789 Broadway; 3 Park Place; 287 Fourth Ave.; 245 Columbus Ave.; 2798 Third Ave.; 273 West 125th St.; 182 Fifth Ave.; ticket offices, Franklin and West 42d St. Ferries.

IN BROOKLYN—342 and 860 Fulton St.; 390 Broadway; Eagle Office.

On May 27th, 28th, and 29th Excursion tickets at reduced rates will be sold at 425 Broadway, 1354 Broadway, and Ferry offices, giving an opportunity of personally selecting a Summer home and also enjoying a day's fishing in this delightful region. Tickets good returning May 31st.

J. C. ANDERSON,
Traffic Manager, 56 Beaver St., N. Y.

TROUT FISHING IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

The trout season is now open and continues to August 31st, inclusive. A little book issued by

THE ULSTER & DELAWARE R. R.

giving information as to the trout streams in this locality will be sent free on receipt of two cents postage.

N. A. SIMS,
General Passenger Agent,
KINGSTON (Rondout Sta.), N.Y.

THE MAINE CENTRAL R. R. Guide books are free for the asking. We can plan your outings, whether canoe trips, camping trips, the farm house or big hotel. Along the **Maine** Coast, or Interior, or in the Maritime Provinces. Tell us what you want and hear what we have to offer. Write F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Portland, Me.

SUMMER HOMES IN GREEN HILLS OF
Vermont and Lake Champlain
Terms $4 to $10 per week

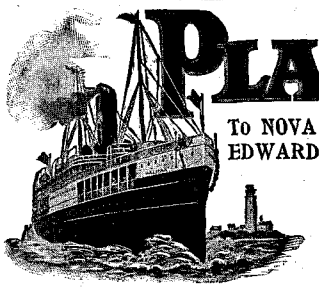
New trains between Boston, New York, Springfield, and Vermont points. As good as any on the continent. 150 page illustrated brochure mailed free on receipt of 6c. in stamps for postage. Address A.W.ECCLESTONE, So. Pass. Agt. 385 Broadway, New York City.

BOARD WANTED
FOR THE SUMMER

First-class accommodations for four adults and two children and nurse in private family where there are no other guests, or at good hotel or boarding-house on Long Island Sound, near the water, and within commuting distance of New York. Send full information, addressing W. H. Eshbaugh, 253 B'way, N. Y.

WANTED On the **MAINE COAST** Furnished cottage for season; six rooms and bathroom; not in village, but within reasonable distance; grounds bordering water. Address No. 8,341, The Outlook.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
TOURS & TICKETS
25 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.



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To NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, and NEWFOUNDLAND

Delightful trips varying from "one night at sea" to a six days' cruise including short deep sea voyage, sail the entire Nova Scotia Coast, through the Straits of Canso. **The Celebrated Bras d'Or Lake Route, New Steamer, Daylight Service.** Weekly sailings till June 14, then two trips per week. Best salmon and trout fishing. Send stamp for booklet, colored maps, etc.

A. W. PERRY, General Agent, Plant Line, Union Wharf, Boston, Mass.

The "LAND OF EVANGELINE" in

Nova Scotia

The Delightful Vacation Land of America

Reached by the DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY LINE from Boston. Two palatial, twin-screw, nineteen-knot steamers, "Prince George" and "Boston," in service present season.

PRESENT SAILINGS. Steamer leaves Boston, Long Wharf (foot State St.), Tuesday and Friday, 2 P.M.
DAILY SERVICE begins about June 30.
UNDER 14 HOURS FROM BOSTON

For full information as to sailings, rates, etc., also delightfully written guide-book entitled "The Land of Evangeline and Gateways Thither," mailed free, write to J. F. MASTERS, New England Supt., Long Wharf, Boston, Mass.

APARTMENTS

TO RENT FOR THE SUMMER—FURNISHED **APARTMENT** of seven rooms and bath. Convenient to subway and trolley lines. Rent moderate. Address E. O. MEEKER, 307 Lenox Ave., New York City.

TO RENT **FURNISHED** Quiet five-roomed apartment. All light rooms, private telephone, elevator. One block from 79th St. subway, two from river and park. From June 17 to Sept. $55. J. GOLDMARK, 67 Cortland St., New York.

377 West End Ave. Furnished apartment for summer. Seven rooms and bath. Rates especially reasonable for desirable tenant. Apply to janitor.

TO SUBLET—FURNISHED—A pleasant apartment with 9 large light rooms, from June 1st to Oct. 1st. Reasonable. Mrs. WILLIAMS, 121 W. 71st St.

TRAVEL

Holidays in England

Send 4 cents (postage) for Illustrated Book, entitled **"Holidays in England,"** describing **Cathedral Route,** Pilgrim Fathers, Dickens and Tennyson Districts, and the **Harwich Hook of Holland Route,** Twin-Screw Steamship Line, England to Rotterdam or Antwerp. Address
H. J. KETCHAM, General Agent.
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND
362 Broadway, New York

Leyland Line

Immense new steamers. Discount of 10% allowed on return portion.

From Boston to Liverpool

Bohemian	June 1	Winifredian	June 14
Cestrian	June 7	Devonian	June 21

First-class rate, $70 eastbound.

COMPANY'S OFFICE
India Building, 84 State St., Boston

Europe—Two vacancies in small party sailing June 24th, first class. 83 days. Immediate application necessary. Full information from MISS PANTLIND, 790 Prospect St., Cleveland.

TRAVEL

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Special Tours to Northern Europe, including visits to the Fjords, North Cape, interior scenery of Scandinavia, with Denmark, Russia, Northern Germany, etc.

June 8....per S. S. Blücher.....87 days
June 24....per S. S. Etruria.....64 days
July 5....per S. S. United States....63 days

Other Vacation Tours, **$175 to $1,015.** All expenses included. Write for booklet.

Independent Railroad and Steamship Tickets Everywhere.

125 FOREIGN OFFICES
Established 65 years.

THOS. COOK & SON
261 AND 1185 BROADWAY,
649 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Tours Around the World, 34th annual series, from San Francisco, Aug. 26, Sept. 20, Oct. 10, 21, 1905.

EUROPE Two vacancies. **Sixty days, $350,** inclusive. Italy, Switzerland, France, and England. Party of 10 sailing July 11th by the Cunard Line. Babcock's Tours, 1137 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Europe Select two months' tour. Small party. Personal escort. **$250**
Best steamers. Apply at once. Rev. L. D TEMPLE, Watertown Q, Mass.

EUROPE Sail from New York or Boston to the **Mediterranean by the WHITE STAR LINE**

Gibraltar, Algiers, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa
Republic, 15,378 Tons
Cretic, 13,507 Tons
Canopic, 12,097 Tons.
Romanic, 11,394 Tons
For descriptive matter and sailings address
WHITE STAR LINE
9 B'way, N.Y., or 84 State St., Boston

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THE OUTLOOK RECREATION DEPARTMENT

TRAVEL

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

Select parties. Leadership of University Men

Tour 37A London to Naples, 74 days, $590.
Tour 77 England and Scotland, 60 days, $480.
Tour 76 All of Norway to North Cape, 45 days, $370.
Tour 88 Spain and Italy, 73 days, $585.
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Best location in Digby; is open for guests June 15. Send for booklets.

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Piazza on three sides; fully fur- fireplace; set tubs; piano; sail- h houses. All included. Price ELMS, 38 White St., New York.

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Near Lake Garfield.
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An Inn of the highest class. Trolley to Mt Tom and Amherst. G. A. KEELER.

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